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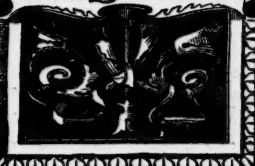
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THE



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MAGAZINE

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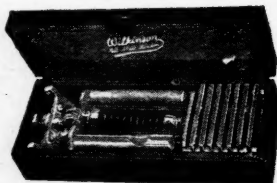
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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

NOVEMBER 1921.

## THE GREEN MOTH.

BY G. E. MITTON AND J. GEORGE SCOTT.

### CHAPTER XVI.

GLORIANA HAS HER SAY.

LADY FITZROY was strolling up and down the terrace walk outside the Commissioner's house. She considered it a great grievance that she should be 'alone.' She abhorred being alone. It was one of her causes of dislike to Darya that she would not come, as she should gladly have done, to share the vacuous small-talk which was as essential to Gloriana as air. It was not yet quite time to go to make her presence felt at the club, so she was indulging her two small pets with a tiny stroll. She was on a level above the carriage-drive, and was screened from it by tall shrubs, but she heard her husband walking down to the gate with firm steps. He met, just outside, someone else riding on a horse. Whereat Sir Denis' voice came clearly upward through the trees.

'The very man I was coming over to find,' he began. 'I wanted to ask you about this curious story which has just come to my ears.'

'You mean about Miss Molineux,' was the answer of the rider, Thornthwaite. 'I hope she will be safely back to-morrow, and meantime it is best not to say anything.'

'I can understand it is an affair on which it is wiser to be discreet,' answered Sir Denis. 'But I would rather hear the true version from you than a much distorted one from someone else. Can't you spare a moment to come in?'

Thornthwaite was just returning from the bungalow on the hill where he had been to assure the faithful Mah Pah Oo that her beloved 'Miss' was in no physical danger, and was likely to be home the next day. After his return from the caves, he had found it impossible, in spite of his eagerness, to do much before night fell.

He had said not a word to anyone except Mah Pah Oo, and greatly hoped no gossip had got abroad. Now there was no help for it. Such an invitation from Sir Denis was impossible to ignore, so he dismounted and led his horse up to the house, handed him over to the sais, and went into the long, low study opening on to the front verandah.

Gloriana had heard enough to whet her appetite for more. Already was she possessed of a picturesque variety of detail concerning Darya, but she had not yet had a hint of the abduction; so she took up a strategic position where she could overhear every word that was said even though the men spoke low. She justified herself by two facts: firstly, that it is almost impossible not to overhear in a bungalow, and, secondly, because of her ingrained conviction that she had a right to share her husband's secrets as well as everything else.

Thornthwaite gave a succinct account of the whole matter as he knew it, beginning with the idea that Darya had wandered into the plain and hurt her foot again, and then been carried off by some men unknown. He went on to his interview with Shwe Pu and the pôngyi. He explained that he had heard from the latter that Marjoram and Darya had gone up-stream in Marjoram's launch. He added that he himself firmly believed that the girl had been carried away on false pretences.

Sir Denis had listened attentively, sitting in a long chair by the table smoking a cigar. When Thornthwaite ceased his dry narration, he looked perplexed. 'I'm afraid I differ from you,' he said after a pause. 'There has been something very odd about Miss Molineux from the beginning. I like her, mind you, and have often felt very sorry for her; she strikes me as a girl who hasn't had much chance. However, if she's eloped with Marjoram of her own free will no one can do anything. Thank you for telling me the wretched story.'

Thornthwaite became a little stiffer. 'I think everything points to the conclusion that Miss Molineux has been tricked,' he repeated. 'Marjoram was obviously attracted by her, and he is a man who would stick at nothing—'

'But you say the pôngyi told you she walked quietly down to the launch with him alone—'

'He had deceived her by some tale—'

'That might be; but surely when she saw the launch going up-stream she must have known she was tricked and made some outcry—'

'Perhaps she did.'

Sir Denis stirred uneasily and knocked the ash off his cigar. 'It is a most difficult and delicate matter,' he said. 'The girl is abducted by some persons whom you believe to be Chinamen. Marjoram gets wind of it somehow and goes to the rescue—we know that from the pōngyi's story, at least that was what they told him—hearsay evidence. The Chinamen bring Marjoram to grief somehow, and go off, leaving him more or less smashed up. He gets out of that mess, and that girl makes friends with her heroic rescuer and elopes with him. What is the inference? It seems to me as clear as day. Marjoram planned the whole thing. He bribed the Chinamen to carry her off so that he might appear in a glowing light before her. I hope, for her sake, he'll marry her.'

'I hope to God not!' exclaimed Thornthwaite in a tone of concentrated bitterness so unlike his usual even speech that Sir Denis stared. 'It would be a good match for her anyway,' he said rather awkwardly. 'She has been in a very compromising position here, and it would be worse still if she came back now.'

Thornthwaite had himself in control again. 'As you say, we can do nothing officially,' he agreed. 'The police have the matter of the abduction in hand, but they are held up until Miss Molineux returns to make a statement. This young Shwe Pu has, I am certain, more to do with it than he confesses, but we can get nothing out of him.'

He stood up.

At that moment the tap of high heels on the mosaic pavement of the landing was heard, and Gloriana stood in the entrance holding up the curtain. 'Then I'll tell you what I think,' she began in her deep, emphatic tones. 'The girl is a baggage, neither more nor less; and she planned the whole thing herself.'

An odd streak of red shot across Thornthwaite's cheek. Sir Denis looked thunder and lightning.

'Do you mind leaving us, Louisa?' he demanded in a voice that would have made most women quail. 'Mr. Thornthwaite and I have no need of your opinion.'

But Gloriana's temper was a match for his. She stood there defiantly. Her tight skirt, reaching hardly below the knee, revealed her well-developed legs, ending in ridiculous little fat shoes. Up above she swelled out at the hips outrageously, owing to the fact that the natural amplitude was enlarged by the two little Poms, one under each arm. Her enormous feathered hat at the top of her great curls almost carried on an equal breadth.

'I have heard the whole thing,' she declared shamelessly. 'And it is best for you men to have the advantage of a woman's judgment. Darya Molineux is one of those women born to lead men astray. I have known it from the beginning—No, Denis,' as her husband advanced toward her purple with anger, 'I will say my say for once.'

Here Thornthwaite interposed. An astonishing change had come over him; he stood there dominating the situation between the enraged husband and wife, though a head shorter than Sir Denis, and looking as if he could easily have been lost in Gloriana's floating scarf.

'I think what Lady Fitzroy says should carry weight, Sir Denis,' he began coolly as he moved forward a chair into which her ladyship plumped down at once, while the little dogs set up ear-piercing yells. She quieted them by grasping a small muzzle in each hand, and heedless of their frantic wriggles or her husband's furious face, went on:

'I have known it from the beginning. Directly Tom Marjoram came upon the scene that woman set herself to catch him. Ah, yes, you try to keep things carefully from me, but I have my methods of finding out what I want to know. Darya Molineux went out one day and got lost in the Pagoda hills with Tom Marjoram; she said she sprained her ankle and couldn't get back, so they stayed out all night together. After that she wanted marriage, and was afraid he might slip from her, so she began to go about in society in order to meet him and prevent his cooling off. She has, I understand, the vicious power of throwing dust in men's eyes, common to her type since the world began. But, even so, she found she could not attach Marjoram permanently, for he well knows his own value. So she engineered a deeper plot. I heard you tell it all, Mr. Thornthwaite, how she is supposed to have wandered in the plain and hurt that convenient foot again; to have been carried off by some men unknown; to have summoned Mr. Marjoram to her aid. She had planned with her accomplices that he should be hurt, but not too badly; after which he is left alone with her. Clever girl, she knows her trade. No better way of getting round a man than making him appear a hero in his own eyes! So she gains her end and goes off alone with him in his launch. She will not keep him away too long, but bring him back before his passion has had time to cool, for she counts on that for getting him to marry her. It's as clear as daylight.'

Sir Denis had quieted down a little. 'You credit her with

devilish cunning,' he remarked, 'but there may be something in what you say. Certainly, according to Thornthwaite's version, the fact that these budmashes, whoever they be, left their victim still alive to give evidence against them, requires a good deal of explanation. What do you think, Thornthwaite?'

Thornthwaite had never been considered a moral coward; when directly asked for his opinions he had always been ready to state them, but he was endowed with an unobtrusive nature, a horror of putting himself forward. He had never been known to challenge anyone or to advance his own ideas; the most Sir Denis expected from him, therefore, was some such answer as, 'Until either story is proved I shall keep an open mind.'

But instead of this, he saw an altogether new Thornthwaite standing before him, a man without diffidence, perfectly at ease, who replied firmly: 'I am very glad to have heard Lady Fitzroy's interpretation, for it shows what may be expected. But I'm afraid I must go at once to make arrangements for following Marjoram's launch up-stream, in order to rescue Miss Molineux from this hideous trap he has laid for her.'

'You are not going after them?' Sir Denis asked in amazement.

'That is my intention. I should have been away by now, but, unfortunately, the launch required some little repair and we couldn't get off. I am sleeping on board, however, so as to start at dawn.'

'I congratulate you on your courage,' exclaimed Gloriana maliciously. 'It's not a pleasant thing to tumble into a honeymoon at any time, but to appear and then demand if the happy lady wants rescuing is quite too deliciously funny! Don Quixote up to date, certainly!'

Thornthwaite flushed, opened his lips as if to speak, but said nothing, bowed, and took his departure with dignity.

Husband and wife looked at each other as they heard his horse's hoofs going off down the drive, and both burst out laughing. 'It's damnably queer,' said the Commissioner. 'She's got round him too.'

'You needn't talk,' said Gloriana. 'You were just as obedient to her piping as the rest, only you didn't have so much opportunity. The evil power exercised by these women is extraordinary! If we virtuous ones only condescended to use such wiles we could set the whole station by the ears.'



An hour or two later Lawrence Thornthwaite collected his things and went down to the launch. This was no luxurious affair such as that belonging to Marjoram. It was divided into two by a partition amidships. The compartment occupied by the servants and crew was slightly less than the other, in which were two wooden benches, a table, and a lamp. At night the benches were pushed together, a mattress was put upon them and a rezai, a cotton-stuffed quilt. Thornthwaite lay down on the rezai and pulled a rug over him, for the nights were cold, but he did not sleep. For hour after hour he sat half upright, leaning against the partition, smoking occasionally and remaining long intervals between with the pipe cold in his hand.

Since she had dined at his house two nights ago, he had known what Darya meant to him. He ought to have known it for a considerable time before that, for at the very first meeting she had indelibly impressed herself upon him. It was on one of those rare occasions when she had come to the office, as writing could not serve the purpose of an interview. Her dainty grace and appealing personality—at that moment irradiated with the natural gladness which was her heritage—had won him instantly, and since then there had been three sorts in his world—men, women, and Darya. But he had left his feelings unanalysed, in that part-conscious limbo of the brain where dwell those impressions which are not allowed to interfere with the actual current of our lives.

Like the sensitive plant that shrinks when threatened by a touch, the only effect on Thornthwaite had been to make him a little more official, a little more wooden, in his dealings with her than with the rest of his kind. She seemed to him at all times a tragic figure, born for happiness and condemned by some searing fate to be frequently enshrouded in a veil of darkness and cloudiness. The gladness of her real nature broke through from time to time, as on that first day when she had just achieved her desire and possessed a real bungalow of her own on the ridge away from the town, but the clouds seemed to close in after these moments and enfold her again.

On the day when he had had the chance of protecting her against Mrs. Seymour's conscious or unconscious tormenting, a new feeling had sprung up, a sense of responsibility for one so unfriended and forlorn. Lastly, in his own house he had been acutely aware that Darya's apparent high spirits, and her surface



amiability to Marjoram, had been caused by a state of tension, and not because that dislike for him, of which she had given Thornthwaite a glimpse, had in any way lessened. Thornthwaite deeply distrusted Marjoram, and, seeing the attraction Darya exercised over him, he had several times felt uneasy. Then had come the shock of her disappearance and the pôngyi's story.

Thornthwaite had ideals, and he knew instinctively, as only a clean nature can, that Darya had them also. The notion of her being in the power of a man she loathed and feared had aroused in him a fury which astonished himself.

Lady Fitzroy's interpretation of the story had shown him the view which would be taken in Môttama when the facts became known. Probably everyone would not be so harsh, but the best that could be expected, even from such kindly natures as Mrs. Bulteel, would be something not greatly differing from Sir Denis' opinion, that no doubt the girl was not herself to blame for the situation, but by far the best thing she could do would be to marry the man who had led her into it. Thornthwaite had risen far enough beyond the usually accepted code to consider that it would be an outrage for Darya to marry her betrayer, if only for the reason that the two could have no ideals in common.

Thornthwaite's whole life might have been but a training for this emergency. Who but he could have gone forth so confident of the need for chivalrous interference in an affair so delicate? Who but he could have met the agonising possibility that he might not be needed with a blank negative? Who but he could have had the moral courage to go forward without any thought of the ridicule which might be brought upon him should he fail? Above all, who but he could have been so free from any thought of self that it never entered his head he might reap personal gain from the adventure? He never dreamed of offering himself to Darya as an alternative to Marjoram. In fact, he was greatly puzzled to imagine what would become of her if he should succeed in releasing her from the grip of this wild beast who had clutched her.

However, it was quite plain to him that there was only one course to take, to go forth to the rescue and leave the future to be faced when it became the present.

## CHAPTER XVII.

## A DESPERATE ALTERNATIVE.

DARYA had resolved not to sleep at all the first night on the launch, but she was young and healthy, and after hours of forced wakefulness she drifted naturally into unconsciousness. She awoke with a start and found it was already light. Her horrible position came down upon her the moment she opened her eyes. What was she to do? What could she do? One thing at least, she would never yield while breath was in her body! Her mind ran back over the adventures of the last two days, which seemed to have been years! Had it indeed been only yesterday afternoon that Shwe Pu had come to her with his fabricated tale? Where was poor little Mah Pah Oo? What had happened to her? She must also have been kidnapped in order to entice her mistress away? Darya hoped she was not hurt or frightened. Then her thoughts went on to the hideous night in the cave and the terror she had felt on seeing Ah Su, imagining him to be the green moth. She was thankful she had lost the brooch, got rid of it for ever. She had been a fool to accept it, as it somehow linked her with Tom Marjoram. What was it Mr. Mayhew had told her was the interpretation of the Chinese characters engraved on it? She remembered the last line very well:—

‘Lose me and you shall find that which is not.’

That which is not! Darya smiled a little bitterly, the one thing in the world that she could be certain ‘was not’ was the really unselfish love of a man for a woman! Anyway, though she had lost the moth she had not found *that*!

Once again, half-instinctively, as on the previous night in the cave, her hand went to the front of her dress. To her amazement she felt beneath her fingers the hard outlines of the carved jade. Not believing her sense of touch, she undid it and held it up! In her hand she held the identical green moth Marjoram had given her, that she supposed lost for ever! For minutes she remained perfectly still, holding it up so that the light from the open doorway filtered through it making the green jade as brilliant as beech leaves in spring. It was there! yet she had lost it, she knew not where. Who could have replaced it? Who but one, the man in whose power she was! He must have come stealthily in the night

and fastened this emblem of his possession to her breast while she slept! But how and where had he found it? As she gazed at it despair flowed in upon her in a bitter flood. Back to her mind, clear in every detail, came the picture of three evenings ago, when they two had stood together beneath the lamp, and he had snatched at the little living green moth which had evaded him once and then been caught, caught and crushed! She, Darya, had evaded him also, but she had been caught again, and not until she had been crushed by him, would he open his hand and let her fall.

She pushed aside the mosquito curtain and flung the moth with all her force at the open square of window across the cabin; it struck on the edge and fell back behind a box. At that moment she heard someone calling her outside, and she got up leadenly, and began to arrange her tumbled hair and clothes.

When she went out on deck she looked down almost into Marjoram's face, for he was standing on the shore just beside the launch. His hair was wet and from the pile of sopping towels lying beside him, she gathered that he had been having a dip. The puffiness of his lips had gone down, and, except for some discolouration, he did not look greatly amiss.

'Hurry up!' he cried out cheerfully, as if the position in which they found themselves was the most natural in the world, 'and come ashore. Breakfast is just ready.'

So Darya stepped off the launch on to the mingled sand and shingle of the beach.

The boy had spread the things on a table which stood with its legs in sand, and was not altogether stable; the deck chairs, too, were wobbly, but the tea was scalding hot and the fresh fish done to a turn. If only things had been otherwise how enjoyable it might have been! The huge leaves of the trees were still dripping, but overhead was a clear blue sky and the exquisite freshness of the morning acted like champagne.

Darya was of the open air and daylight; she carried with her a breath of all fresh things—the sea, the great spaces of the moors, the spring flowers. Joy of life ran in every vein. She had been sorely bruised and beaten, but the natural impulse of her spirit was to be glad. The sweetness of the morning and the interest of the wild life around, filled her with well-being. This was what she had always longed to do, to camp away in the true wild, leaving behind the restrictions and petty pin-pricks of convention. She thought of the dull, grey pavements of London, of the monotonous

sameness of the rows of pillared porticoes belonging to the houses in the dreary reach of the Cromwell Road, where she had lived with her cousins. For a moment the sense of the smothering depression which had always enveloped her in its folds as she shut that heavy hall door, rushed upon her again like a well-remembered odour. She raised her head for the comparison—That and this!

Then she looked at her companion, determining that she would thwart him by making no reference to his surreptitious return of the green moth. She had never seen him so gay, so light-spirited. He chatted and laughed at the small inconveniences of the table as if they had thus breakfasted together for months. He ate with hearty appetite and was boyish in a way altogether new in her short acquaintance with him. He had still some difficulty in managing things for himself, as his left arm was useless, but he made light of it and of the aches and bruises he must be feeling all over him. His discoloured face was the outward index of these, and Darya's pity was aroused by it. She no longer felt physical aversion from him, but a terrible inward shrinking which had its roots in fear. He drifted from small talk of the dainty little wagtails on the wet stones to his own life and the countries he had seen, and referred to the fact that, so far as he knew, he had not a relation in the world.

Then, quite suddenly, his mind reverted to the desperate scenes of the previous day. 'I have never been in a tighter place than I was little more than twenty-four hours ago. You know the Chinamen sent one of their number to finish me off as I lay unconscious in the crevasse?'

'You did not tell me that. I suppose that was the meaning of the pistol shot; did he fire at you?'

'No. I had been lying there out of my senses and suddenly I came round for a few seconds, and as if I'd been in a nightmare I saw a Chinaman crawling toward me. He had a torch to see me with, and as he waited to make sure I was unconscious before coming on, I managed, with the greatest caution, to work my right arm round so as to get hold of my revolver. I shot him just as I lay; the bullet went through my coat. No, this is another I had on board,' he added as he caught her look at it. 'Great luck for me, he fell dead without a groan.'

'But the pôngyi said nothing of a dead Chinaman!'

'Luckily he and the lad happened to come in the other way.

No, there he lies mouldering, the fool ! I suppose they had counted on him to make sure I was done for past repair, and that having done the job he was to make tracks at once—possibly to some ship—without going down to the town at all. That's the only way I can account for it. They think me dead, but not one of them will go back to the cave to look.' He laughed.

After breakfast he suggested they might climb the steep banks and get a little way into the jungle to try to see something of the wild creatures there, but Darya declined. She would prefer to stay where she was, she said shortly.

'Then I will too,' he agreed. 'I only wanted to amuse you. But it would be a pretty stiff climb after all.'

He busied himself here and there, always within hail and frequently within sight. Once or twice the idea of escaping crossed Darya's mind, but she dismissed it as impracticable ; where could she escape to ? He would be after her before she could go far, as the cat after the mouse ; and she had no idea whether there was any village within miles. So she sat there on her chair thinking, with her eyes on the flowing water. Presently she noticed, a good deal further down-stream, almost at the next bend, a large thatched Burmese boat with a man baling out water. He was on the other side of the river and she could not reach him ; to shout would be futile ; besides, he was apparently by himself. What could he do even if he understood the case and had the best will in the world ? No hope there.

As the hours slipped on, Darya was gradually forced to the conclusion that all worldly prudence was in favour of her capitulation.

For the moment, Marjoram was really in love with her ; she felt it in the subtle way that women can diagnose these things. If she gave in she could probably count on being able to make him carry out his promise of marriage, and then she would have a position far beyond what she could ever have expected. Darya had sufficient experience of men to know that once she was the wife of a man of this type his pride would make him regard her as part of himself, and therefore she would be treated with dignity and consideration so far as outward forms went. What he felt for her at the moment was probably the most intense feeling he was capable of ; it was not love, but what passed for it with one of his disposition ; it would not last, but when it vanished she would be free to live her own life and, owing to his boundless

wealth, she could gratify every wish. They would always be separate in spirit, but there was great worldly gain in such a match, and many a woman had married for much less than this under no compulsion at all.

Turning to the other side, she contemplated the future if she definitely persisted in her refusal. She had had some glimpse into the pitilessness of Marjoram's nature. It was most likely that his patience would come sharply to an end, and she would be compelled by force to bend to his wishes. At the very best, supposing he let her go uninjured—a very improbable supposition—who would ever believe her story? Would she not be blackened in the eyes of all who knew her? True, she had carelessly braved public opinion before, but that was because she had not done anything to justify censure; now, though the horrible position in which she found herself was not her own fault, she could hardly blame her neighbours for thinking the worst. There was only one man whose opinion had power to hurt her. This was the Deputy Commissioner. She could not bear to imagine what Thornthwaite would think! He would be kind, always kind, never harsh, that she was sure of, but she seemed to see his small, clear eyes looking at her in reproach, 'You brought it on yourself,' he might say, and this idea hurt intolerably.

The life she had lived in Môtama for the past year was definitely ended; it would be quite impossible to resume it even if she managed to escape; therefore it seemed as if there were no path open to her but complaisance, and as she arrived at this conclusion she came with some surprise up against one stark, unalterable fact—

Marry Marjoram, yield to him, she could not!

It was an impossibility, so no good thinking of it! It was not the mere shrinking from the marriage tie, but the fact that her soul would be unequally yoked that barred the way for her, just as it had been the supreme obstacle to Thornthwaite in considering such a solution of the problem. Darya did not put it to herself as grandly as that, but the feeling was there. She could not yoke herself in intimate fellowship with a man she knew to be a liar, a man in whom chivalry was non-existent, a man without ideals, or shame, or pity.

Very few people would have suspected, under Darya's most womanly exterior, the masculine judgment and logic which had saved her from total shipwreck in the great crisis of her life. Her belief in right and wrong was strong and well-defined, and she had

had to use it in her fight with circumstance, so that it had become real and had not remained the vague thing in the background that it is to many. She did not think of a match with a man like Marjoram as 'wrong,' she only knew that her abhorrence of evil was so great that she would be smothered, suffocated, in any such close association. The agony of being forced into contact with an unclean mind, of being in partnership with a man of degraded outlook, would be worse than death.

Yes Death! Like a spectre from the water rose that solemn presence, and as it took shape in her own immediate future Darya's hands tightened on the wooden holds of the chair. She was so young and so full of life! True, the evening before she had proudly avowed that she would sleep in the river, but she had spoken without any thought of being compelled to such extremity, still less of what would lie beyond it.

Now, amidst the beauty of the morning, with the dappled shadows of the leaves inviting play from the cheery small birds, with the majestic presence of those towering walls of jungle-covered cliffs rising into the thrilling blue of the illimitable sky, she felt for a second as if she had brought up panting on the edge of a dun-coloured pool of icy water with blackness beyond.

She knew nothing, absolutely nothing, of what lay beyond.

Christ was a man and He had crossed!

That was the only cord to hold her in her plunge! Was it strong enough to sustain her?

She did not know. The only thing she could know as a certainty was that the new existence would be utterly different from the present one; nothing could be the same. A slight feeling of faintness stole over her.

Then she rallied. At any rate, it had not come to that yet, and with the clinging to life, which is the inherent result of life itself, she searched desperately round for some expedient. If the launch went on they might pass some village. They were very kind these Burman folk, and she could explain to them fluently in their own tongue her desperate situation, but even then—what lay beyond the rescue but the return to Môtama dishonoured?

She must not think of that, but concentrate her whole mind on getting away. Even into the jungle. There might be a chance of that; then if death did come it would not be of her own seeking. But she must act with all the skill at her command to put her captor off his guard.



So with a mighty effort she sprang up and made her way along the irregular line of shingle and reefs of black rock to where he was seated on a great boulder, fishing.

As she neared him he got up and hauled in the line. Two mahseer lay on the bank beside him. 'Not much sport this,' he said airily. 'We'd better have lunch and then move on; it's confoundedly stuffy here.'

Darya had not found it stuffy, only cold, very cold. She saw that a change had come over him; he avoided her eyes, and his face, where it was not overspread by the hideous purple stain, was very white and set.

The crisis was approaching!

Darya talked a little during lunch and agreed with Marjoram's suggestion that she should take a siesta afterwards while the launch moved on up-stream to some more open place. But, with the cunning of the hunted creature, she tried to meet and ward off danger before it came. 'Then you have quite decided to go on?' she asked as she accepted the cigarette he offered when the meal was done.

He nodded, giving her one swift, merciless glance. Clearly he was becoming dangerous.

'Then nothing I can say would make any difference?' she asked quietly.

He softened a little. 'Darya,' he said gently, 'I have thought for you, and you will live to bless me for it; be advised and yield—'

'Give me a little time,' she whispered, trying to conceal how she panted.

'Time? You've kept me waiting a hundred years.'

'Then wait a little longer, until to-night, only to-night; let me have until then—'

'You mean it?' The lightning that leapt into his voice and eyes seared her with its warning.

'I can't say, I can promise nothing,' she murmured with white lips. 'But I have been thinking a great deal, and I can see nothing ahead of me if I continue struggling—and I——' she stopped.

'Very well. That's all right,' he answered, speaking more normally, as he leaned forward to lay his hand on hers. She did not withdraw hers or move. For one desperate moment she was on the verge of making one last frantic appeal to what manhood there was in him, but she remembered the smouldering violence she had glimpsed and checked herself.



So during the long, sleepy afternoon, spent for the most part in the shadow of the towering heights, they remained separate, she lying down in the cabin, and he in a deck-chair under the awning, while the launch progressed still farther up-stream and away from any possible salvation.

## CHAPTER XVIII.

## THE TWO MEN.

THORNTHWAITE had lost no time that he could help, but he had a lot of leeway to make up. Therefore he started with the earliest grey dawn, when objects around were yet ghostly, and soon the sun rose, rushing up as he seems to do in the East, with full glory. All that day the workmanlike little launch ploughed her way up-stream without cessation. A Burmese boat or two were encountered in the lower reaches, and in answer to questions, the men on board all said they had seen such a launch as was described at such and such a place the afternoon before. But as the river-miles were swallowed up and the country grew less inhabited, such informants were rare.

At last, as the great heat of the afternoon abated, one very voluble steersman, delighted to be of service to the Deputy Commissioner, whom all knew, had something helpful to tell. It appeared that he had slept aboard his boat, which had been pulled in under the bank. When he awoke, he had seen from some distance a handsome launch made fast up above him. It was on the western bank—the farther side from where he was lying. As he had not seen her the evening before—indeed, he was sure she had not been there when he retired—he thought she must have come downstream, or he would surely have heard the engine passing in the night. He had seen some people on board too, but had not taken much notice of them. Yes, there might have been a *thakin-ma*, but he could not be sure, being concerned about more important matters, such as fishing.

Some hours after leaving this man fortune again helped Thornthwaite, for a heavily-laden cargo boat, swinging down-stream, brought further news. The boatman had passed the launch considerably higher up the river. She was going slow then, as if the

serang were looking for a place to tie up. He described where she was at the time. He had seen one man on board, a *thakin*, but no *thakin-ma*; there was a table there, and a house-boy setting out tea. As, from this account, Marjoram's launch could not be more than 'half-a-dozen bends' above, Thornthwaite ordered the *serang* to proceed with caution, and finally came to anchor when he judged that he could not go farther without revealing himself to his adversary, who might possibly be in the bend above. Then he himself landed to reconnoitre.

The river here had carved itself a deep channel through the rock. But it was the cold weather and the water was low, so there were some irregular beaches and strands of gravel uncovered, along which a man might make his way. Thornthwaite did so for some distance, and then was brought up short by a perpendicular bluff standing out into the river. To get past this, in order to survey the next river reach, it was necessary to climb a height of several hundred feet. This he did, and though he lost sight of the water for the greater part of the way, he came out at last at a place where he could get a glimpse of the river up-stream. He caught his breath with excitement when his eyes fell on the launch lying snugly by the bank on the same side as himself. Very carefully he scrutinised her with his field glasses, but he could not see any person on board, until the house-boy came to the stern, threw some slops into the river, and then went back to the deck-house. The launch was lying with her head up-stream; the whole of the forward deck was concealed, and it was impossible to tell if it were occupied or not. Afraid that the light might not last, Thornthwaite went back to his own craft and proceeded to put into execution a plan which had occurred to him. It was essential that he should see Darya alone so as to gather the true state of affairs from her without being interrupted by violence from Marjoram. He had thought out a ruse by which he might decoy Marjoram away, for, at all events, sufficient time to accomplish his purpose.

On getting back, therefore, to his launch he gave orders to his men to cast off, and even before the craft left her moorings, he fired one shot from a rifle. The noise rang out reverberatingly, and was repeated an incredible number of times from point to point, beating back across and across the water from the walls of the gorge, at each rebound less forcefully. Then peace fell again, and only the throb of the small engine sounded loudly in the dusky stillness of the late afternoon.

Thornthwaite stood at the bows. Never had he more sorely needed that self-control which the habit of a lifetime had perfected into an almost invulnerable weapon of defence. His idea was that Marjoram, startled by such an unexpected sound, would be alarmed and imagine that his late enemies were after him, and that by some accident they had betrayed themselves. Imagining what would be most natural to a man in such circumstances, Thornthwaite hoped that he would leave the launch and scramble upward to some vantage point to survey the reach down-stream. Judging by his own experience, he hoped that the nature of the climb would lead Marjoram out of sight of the river so as to give himself time to get his launch alongside the other. If this were done, then, with the least bit of luck, he might be able to get a few words alone with Darya. He most earnestly desired this, and if, as he unswervingly believed, she was longing for rescue, it was just possible he might be able to take her on board his own launch and so be in far better position for dealing with the enemy.

This was, of course, all more or less guess-work. He could not any way know what effect the shot had had on Marjoram, or discover if he had acted as desired until his own craft was almost alongside.

Therefore, as he rounded the angle into the next river reach he was watching earnestly for any sign to guide him. The launch was still there, tied up. The same table-boy whom he had seen before was standing in his white garments at the stern and gazing down the river. The stern was the servants' quarter, and presently the serang and his assistant appeared also and stared at the advancing launch, all three apparently gabbling and gesticulating, but the fore-deck was still completely hidden and no one leaned over the rail to see what was coming.

Dismay began slowly to overspread Thornthwaite, as he feared that neither the man nor the girl was on board; and when he came into a position where the fore-deck came in sight, his suspicions were confirmed, for it was deserted—there was no sign of Marjoram, no sign of Darya.

He ran his own launch alongside and leaped on board, while the three natives stared at him in awe. They all knew him well.

'Where is the sahib?' Thornthwaite asked.

They pointed vaguely in different directions to the shore; the only thing they were unanimous about was that he had gone off on the side where the launch was fastened up.

‘And the *thakin-ma*?’

A contradictory storm of gabble was the answer.

Thornthwaite threw a hasty glance into the cabin. There was no sign of Darya’s presence here, for as she had brought away with her nothing but what she had on, there was nothing to leave lying about. Back came Thornthwaite’s swift, penetrating glance from the empty cabin to the empty deck, and then it swept the nearer bank. At that instant there was a crashing among the scrub jungle that clung to the steep slopes, and, bursting forth, Marjoram charged down the last steep fifty yards and leaped on to the deck of the launch with a roar like an infuriated elephant.

Thornthwaite sprang aside to avoid collision with him, and stood with his back to the cabin door. He had a revolver handy but did not mean to use it, or even to show it, unless it were unavoidable.

‘Where is Miss Molineux?’ he demanded sternly before Marjoram had brought up from the impetus of his leap, which carried him against the far rail and made the launch shiver with the force of it, while the three frightened servants huddled together, their eyes starting out of their heads.

‘Where is she?’ yelled Marjoram. ‘Where? Behind you in the cabin there. Out of my way!’ He looked like a madman, and flung himself straight at Thornthwaite, who was covering the entrance. He stepped aside immediately showing the empty cabin.

‘Where have you put her? What have you done with her? Tell me or I’ll kill you here and now,’ Marjoram stormed, wheeling on the Deputy Commissioner, while his jaws worked and his face streamed with perspiration.

Thornthwaite was quivering with indignation. ‘Steady!’ he said firmly. ‘I have come to find her certainly, but I have not seen her yet.’

Marjoram, who was quite beside himself, ran questing round the deck like a dog. Then an idea struck him. He seized the luckless Ramaswamy by the throat and dragged him to the rail, ‘The *thakin-ma*, is she in the water, over there?’ he screamed hoarsely. ‘Tell me, tell me,’ and he made as if he would pitch the terrified boy over the side.

Thornthwaite caught hold of him, deliberately choosing the injured arm, so as to take prompt effect. With a deep howl such as a dumb man might have emitted in unbearable agony, Marjoram

let go his grip of the boy, who promptly flung himself on the deck beside the Deputy Commissioner, clasping his knees. 'Missee not in water,' he choked. 'She go there, there,' pointing to the bank, 'after master.'

'Is that true?' Thornthwaite asked the other servants.

They both nodded vehemently, pointing with both hands to the bank, and seemed as though they would point with their feet as well if that would carry conviction.

'You are sure she is not in the water?'

A volley of negatives rang out.

Marjoram pulled himself together, for now he was assured he would soon have his hands on his prey again.

'Damn you!' he said to Thornthwaite with the cunning of one for the moment nearly insane. 'You've frightened her away. We were so happy together until you butted in, you infernal hound. I heard your shot, and went, as I suppose you calculated, to see what was coming. She, poor little thing, left on board in safety, saw your blasted launch, and, too frightened to face anyone without me, has gone on shore to hide herself until you go away again. Go, go now—at once—do you hear?' He advanced menacingly.

'None of your blustering or threatening,' commanded Thornthwaite. 'I have come to hear from Miss Molineux herself whether she wishes to go home. If she does I shall take her. Meantime the first necessity is to find her. It is rapidly getting dark.'

Marjoram moistened his lips with his tongue. 'You and your blasted interference,' he growled. 'She won't come out while you are here.'

'Then I shall have to find her,' replied Thornthwaite, surveying the shore.

An unexpected diversion was caused by Marjoram leaping suddenly upon the smaller launch, causing it to rock violently. He thrust his head into the cabin, gave a glance around, and returned with the same violent movements. The action showed Thornthwaite that what he had said about not knowing where the girl was, must be true. There were two theories to account for her disappearance: one, that she had seized the first chance to escape from her abductor, not dreaming that deliverance was at hand; the other that, having been hideously wronged, she had shrunk from meeting any European. The theory advanced by Marjoram that she was so happy with him she did not desire interference Thornthwaite dismissed altogether. So he landed, and, standing

on a hummock of rock, called out slowly and clearly: 'Miss Molineux, Miss Molineux, I have come to take you home. You can safely show yourself.'

Even Marjoram waited tensely to hear what response, if any, this appeal would produce, but no one answered; the words died away on the gentle night wind that was beginning to spring up, and the darkness deepened.

Thornthwaite called to his men to bring a lantern, and, when it was brought, gave orders to them to move farther up-stream and make fast. Then he struck upward through the rocks and bushes, every now and then pausing to repeat his cry as a sort of formula; but he did not dare to go too far from the river lest the wild beast, Marjoram, should chance upon his prey and carry her off once more.

Thus the long hours of the night wore away.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### THE VILLAGE ABOVE THE RIVER.

THE morning sun shone with a rich brilliance on a clearing in the jungle where a Burmese village nestled in a dent in the riverain ridge, a thousand feet above the river. It filtered through the moplike heads of the areca palms, and cast light on the red earth like pools of honey in contrast with the black blotches of shadow stretching beneath the heavy-foliaged mango and jack-fruit trees.

Most of these hamlets perched over the river are settlements of half-a-dozen houses or so, with only a shifting hill cultivation, but Kôkkobin was a much more thriving place. In the shallow valley was a long lake of paddy cultivation, narrow it is true, but well watered by hill rivulets, and producing a fifty or sixty-fold crop of rice. At either end, where the ground gently sloped up to the rim of hills, there were betel vine gardens and orange groves. Therefore the forty or fifty householders were quite well-to-do persons, and the headman had wall clocks which conficted as to the time of day, chromolithographs from the Fatherland, and a bent-wood chair or two, which were never used except when the sub-divisional officer came round.

The houses certainly were not very substantial. Most of them

were built entirely of bamboo, but there were two or three with jungle-wood posts, and whether these posts were of bamboo or timber they were all very high, so that the flooring was at least eight feet above the ground, which was significant of tigers or leopards from the jungle round about. The house walls were of split bamboo matting, and they were roofed with flakes of thatch made of elephant grass. Rude ladders of bamboo gave access to the living-rooms and the space below was fenced in with bamboo lattice work to give protection to the buffalo and plough cattle which found shelter there. There, too, lived the pariah dogs, though a few of the more acrobatic managed to jerk themselves up the bamboo ladders, to the constant delight of the numerous children.

The houses naturally stood on the slopes. The flat, irrigable land was too valuable to be wasted on building sites, and the rounded slopes above were devoted to dry cultivation, hill rice, chillies, sesamum, and the like. There was no semblance of town planning; the houses were dotted about wherever the builders' fancy led them, and each had its small enclosure of tall splints of bamboo, well garnished with sharpened spikes at the top, to keep off night prowlers who came after the dogs or the more valuable stock. The ever-present plantains and the 'twelve-seasons-flower,' with a few clumps of tobacco plant, occupied most compounds. From a distance the place looked picturesque enough, but a good deal of tidying up seemed necessary at close quarters, though the pariah dogs and a few pigs did their best to scavenge.

The village was, quite clearly, long-established, for on the crest of the eastern ridge was a group of crumbling and new pagodas, none of them very large, but still enough to show piety and reasonable prosperity. The merit of building a pagoda belongs to the original founder, so it is futile to do any repairs. Consequently not a few of the group had lost slabs of plaster, and the red bricks showed like gashes in their sides, while the umbrellas which crowned them were far from being 'heaven-pointing.' A monastery just below them occupied, as always, the best site in the village, and the path from this was the only one that was well kept in Kôkkobin. The rest were mere field tracks cut into furrows by the plodding hoofs of the buffaloes, or trodden flat by hard, bare feet.

The small pupils in the monastery had their lessons written with steatite pencils on black wooden boards, and they were reciting the characters or stanzas at the top of their voices. It was this piping treble that told Darya she was near a place where she could



rest in safety. She knew the chanting well. It was only to be heard in a monastery, and where there was a monastery there must be a fair-sized village.

When she slipped away from the launch she had not tried to find a path. If she had seen a path she would have avoided it. Her one impulse was to get away from her persecutor. So the moment he was out of sight she went straight at the hill-side, at first feverishly and in haste, and later with dull, stubborn determination. Fortunately, it was well on in the dry weather, so there was little undergrowth, but it was a climb that most men would have shrunk from unless they were stalking wild cattle, and then they would have undertaken it with slow caution.

Here and there were clumps of dry bamboo jungle and between the ground was reasonably smooth, though the lengths of splintered stem caught in Darya's dress. There were also stretches of rock or scree of stones of every size, from boulders as large as motor-buses to broken rubble as jagged as new-laid road metal; this cut her thin shoes at every step. When she edged away to greener vegetation she either found clumps through which she could not squeeze, or she slipped on overground roots yards away from their parent stems, or she tripped over creepers dangling from the trees and trailing apparently endlessly along the ground. Always the slope was steep, and it seemed to get steeper with every yard it rose. Involuntarily Darya walked along parallel to the river to ease her heart, which thumped so desperately that she could almost see the beating through her dress. When she had gained what she hoped was a safe distance from the launch she sank down to get back her breath, though when she peeped through the foliage the river below seemed alarmingly near. She was not allowed to rest long. Far away she heard a confused noise of shouting voices and she sprang up to run farther away. She soon crossed a path which looked like a goat-track. It appeared tempting, but she thought it might be dangerous, so she went stumbling on. Then it began to get dusky behind the wall of hill towering to the west, though the eastern heights still caught the last rays of the sun. When Darya came to a trickle of water she sank down beside it and laved her burning face and hands. Then darkness fell fast, so she decided she would stay there sooner than risk accidents. At any rate, there was water to drink, and she was almost fainting with fatigue. Just as the last glimmer of day died out of the sky she heard the cry of a leopard, the thrice repeated throaty sound



like a cross-cut saw. She started up, wild with fear, and began walking blindly, with her hands stretched out before her, still climbing away from the horrible river. Suddenly her head struck against a rock. She was going too slowly to do herself much harm, but it almost stunned her. So she groped about with her hands and felt that a huge projecting slab formed a sort of grotto. Into this she squeezed herself, and after a while gathered some dry bamboos to form a sort of *chevaux-de-frise*, arming herself with the longest of them as with a spear.

Thus she lay, huddled up, all through the night, dozing now and then, and awaking from wild night visions with a stifed shriek.

At last there was a faint lightening of the sky, which showed the coming dawn. Darya was so stiff with cold and fatigue that she could only just drag herself along slant-wise up the heart-breaking hillside, but as the sun rose over the hills she came across a path. This clearly must lead to the habitations of men, and she hailed it this time with joy, and painfully shuffled up it. The hill seemed endless. She had imagined she had struggled half-way up the night before, but now she seemed to be climbing five times as far. But at last she saw the sky through the tree-stems and knew her exertions were over. Immediately afterwards she heard the schoolboys chanting their lessons.

Darya passed the pôngyi kyaung on the left and went toward the village. When she came in sight of the first house she saw a man with a blanket over his head and shoulders, warming himself in the sun. He rose in blank amazement. It was probably the first time a white woman had ever been in Kôkkobin. That was marvel enough, but he had visited Môttama and had seen *thakin-mas* there, so that sight was not what took his breath away; what was really amazing was to behold an English lady in a torn and bedraggled dress, one foot swathed in big leaves—for Darya had lost a shoe in her wild scramble—her hair in ends, and her head covered with a wild plantain leaf twisted into a turban—since her hat had shared the fate of the shoe!

The man was too much astonished to do anything but stare until a still greater wonder further astounded him; for Darya addressed him in fluent Burmese. She said she had lost her way and had been overtaken by night in the jungle. By this time the whole population of the village had scented what was afoot, and were grouped round her in a respectful circle listening sympathetically to her story.

She was led forthwith to the house of the *Thugyi*, the headman's two strapping daughters helping her, while their mother gently stroked her back with many exclamations of pity.

On arrival at the house, the old lady, proud of her acquaintance with English customs, made her husband screen off a corner of the verandah with a *kalaga* to form a bath-room. This curtain-screen was highly embroidered, as became the house of a headman, but that was less gratifying to Darya than the cool water from the big jar which she poured over herself in this primitive bath-room. When she had washed and asked for a tamein to replace her ruined skirt, the *Mègyi's* delight was complete. She made one of her daughters produce her best 'dog's-tooth pattern' garment for the *thakin-ma* to wear, and bring her little mirror so that she could see to do her hair. Then breakfast was served. It was Burman, of course, even to the highly redolent *Ngapi* (fish-paste), but Burmese food was no novelty to Darya, and her appetite further delighted the women folk. When she had finished she begged leave to rest a little, and was installed in a cool back room on a pile of quilts.

Meantime the *Thugyi* had been advised to go below and talk to his friends. All the elders of the village assembled together discussing this unheard-of event—an English lady wandering all by herself all night long, on a most uninviting hill side—an English lady, too, who could talk faultless Burmese and knew exactly how Burmese garments were put on. They are a leisurely race, the Burmese, and when they had exhausted this subject they went on to conjecture how she had managed to get to Kôkkobin. It was very clear that she had come from the river, but what had possessed her to scramble up a terrible rocky slope instead of staying in a comfortable boat? A shipwreck was the obvious solution; she had said nothing about this, but then, of course, no one had asked her! They were still debating, when a man who had been out very early to visit some traps he had set, arrived and announced that the Deputy Commissioner's launch was moored down below. This news immediately awakened the official in the *Thugyi*. The *Ayaybaing* must be told. The lady might be of his party. On the other hand, she might be a fugitive from justice and he might be after her. Whichever way it was, the Deputy Commissioner must be told. He would be obliged, and it is a good thing for a headman to please the Deputy Commissioner. So the headman's son was sent off forthwith to the river with a short note giving the bare

facts, and also elaborate instructions to give exhaustive details if the Deputy Commissioner should seem to want them. The Thugyi, out of his experience, explained that this would depend on whether His Honour was out for business or pleasure, whether his business was urgent, and, incidentally, whether he happened to be having his breakfast or was just going to have it. It was impressed on the young man to bear this carefully in mind.

Thornthwaite had not slept at all, and had been about since dawn. He had spent the first hour or so of light in searching the river bank without any result. It was clear that Darya had not gone up-stream, and she could hardly have gone down without meeting Marjoram. There was also the path going up the hill with uncompromising directness, and Thornthwaite was forced to the conclusion she must have taken this.

He went back to the launch and had some sandwiches prepared and a thermos flask filled with hot coffee. He hesitated about taking a servant with him, but concluded that it might be less embarrassing to Darya if he did not, so, after putting the things in a satchel, he prepared to start off alone. Marjoram, who had been steadily watching him, at first sullenly and later with constantly increasing bitterness, almost approaching ferocity, saw a young Burman come at a lope down the hill at this moment, and hand a note to Thornthwaite. The Deputy Commissioner read the missive, which was written on coarse native paper, and immediately set off at a brisk pace up the path. Marjoram had not been able to hear what passed between him and the messenger, but he knew that the message either must be from Darya or must bring news of her. Therefore he determined to follow Thornthwaite.

He had brooded over the situation all night and had worked himself up into a state of mad irresponsibility. He made up his mind that he would shoot Thornthwaite the moment he saw him speak to Darya, and he almost resolved to shoot her too. At any rate, he was determined to see the matter through. So he slipped a revolver into his hip-pocket and as soon as Thornthwaite had disappeared up the path, set out after him. It was not necessary to keep him in view, as there was only the one track, and it was as well to be a hundred yards behind, so that the sound of his boots on loose stones should not be heard.

But the two who thus climbed the hill were not the only ones! Just after Marjoram had started, there appeared, coming up the

river bank, a party of Chinamen ; two of them burly, coarse men of the coolie class, and the third the little misshapen two-stringed fiddler. They all carried rifles and, coming on at a run, rushed on board the launch. They hustled the startled crew to one side, and went into the cabin with grim determination. But the cabin was empty.

Ah Su pounced upon a little object lying on the swing-cot. It was the Green Moth which Darya had flung away the evening before. Marjoram had found it on the floor during the night and it had heightened his frenzy. Ah Su slipped it in his pocket. Going out on deck again he questioned Ramaswamy who told him that the Deputy Commissioner had gone up the hill by the path, which he pointed out, but he disclaimed all knowledge of his own master's movements. It was clear, however, that both the sahibs had gone up that way and the only question was whether they had gone together or singly. Ah Su talked to the other two Chinamen. They were heavy, lumbering creatures, not used to hill roads. He himself had had plenty of experience that way, and was light of foot if not strong of body. He told them he would go on and get ahead of the Englishmen, then he would select some open space where he would throw down the Green Moth ; when Marjoram arrived there he would most certainly see it and stoop down to pick it up. They must follow him, and this halt would give them a good chance to fire at him and earn the reward their employers had promised them. But they would have to hurry to catch up the Englishmen, and if, by bad fortune, the two of them happened to be together, they must fire all the same, aiming at the taller of the two. It would be better not to kill the Ayaybaing if it could be helped. Two able-bodied Chinamen ought to catch up soft Englishmen accustomed to ride about and drive rather than walk. 'It is lucky I told you to come in sandals instead of thick felt shoes,' he concluded. 'It would be better still if you could climb barefoot like me.'

Then he started up the slope with monkey-like agility that filled his companions with envy, and they followed at a fair pace.

The scheme promised well to begin with. Thornthwaite was not accustomed to more strenuous exercise than lawn-tennis, and he had spent his boyhood in a flat country. Marjoram was tougher, but he was very stiff and, like many very tall men, he was not a hill climber. Therefore he was not at all annoyed, even in his

feverish state of mind, at Thornthwaite's slow pace and not infrequent halts. They naturally had the sun on their backs. It was certainly not a fiery sun but it made the struggle upwards much more arduous.

Marjoram did not know whether Thornthwaite guessed he was being followed, and he did not much care. Nevertheless, whenever the Deputy Commissioner paused he concealed himself, which was easy enough with the boulders and clumps of vegetation on both sides.

The result was that the two-stringed fiddler, and not very long after him, the two Chinamen, caught up Marjoram. When Ah Su came in sight of his prey he made a rapid *détour*, and hit the path a little ahead of both him and Thornthwaite, and went on looking for a fairly clear space where he could drop the Green Moth as the death-signal.

*(To be continued.)*

## TRIAL BY JURY.

BY K. C.

THE Judge had finished his colourless summing up, and, as the jury wished to retire, he rose and left the Bench.

Court V. rapidly emptied, and I passed into the corridor with the defendant and his counsel, a very experienced junior who was conducting his case. 'Tell me,' said the defendant, distraught with anxiety, 'what the result will be. I cannot bear the suspense; anything but that. Have I won?' 'No one can predict the result,' said the barrister.

'You ought to win, you have justified the words you used, the plaintiff made a miserable figure in the box, and before a judge alone you would be safe; but—well, you never know with a jury.'

Many more cases were tried before a jury in those dim, far-off days than is now the rule; but with libel and slander it is still the same.

The trial in question was in no way exceptional; but I shall never forget the painful strain on the defendant, who had spoken his mind about the plaintiff's management of some affairs in which he had an interest, and had said only what was true. He was a middle-class business man, and not wealthy.

'You may lose,' said his advocate cautiously; 'but I do not see how the jury can give more than £5.' 'And costs?' asked the defendant. 'Well, yes.'

The vague, uninstructed horror about costs is too little appreciated.

Later there was the usual hush of suppressed excitement, counsel came hurrying back, the judge was summoned, the usher called 'Silence, Silence,' as the jury settled themselves into their places and were called upon for their verdict.

'We find for the plaintiff.' 'What damages?' '£300.'

I do not remember if the twelve good men and true were allowed to remain and try another case. The defendant was stunned. Appeal? No! If that was the law he had done with it. Many another has said the same.

Later I saw Mr. Justice Bigham try a somewhat similar case alone, but the justification was not made out. Why there was no jury I do not know, but so it happened. There was no rhetoric, no simulated passion, no waste of time, and the judgment was for £5.

Some years afterwards—I take the case at random—a clerk brought a libel action against a former employer. It was an exceptional case, and that is, perhaps, why I remember it; but as regards the criticism of a cumbrous, antiquated, and unjust system it is a good general illustration. The plaintiff had been discharged by the defendant, and seeking fresh employment gave the defendant's name as a reference to Messrs. Broxbourne, to whom he applied, and they made inquiry of the defendant accordingly. This gentleman wrote a clear, temperate, and rather defamatory reply, which being of real value induced Messrs. Broxbourne not to engage the plaintiff. Unfortunately they returned the reply to him with his other testimonials, and he immediately issued a writ.

There was no more evidence of malice than appeared in the letter, but the case was allowed to go to the jury, privilege, of course, being proved. The jury disagreed, and the case would have gone to a new trial, but the defendant prudently paid to the plaintiff a not unsubstantial sum rather than again run the risk of an adverse verdict or a disagreement. Before a judge alone a judgment for the defendant would have been an absolute certainty. The division of opinion cost a blameless man about £200.

I cannot diverge here to show that there is a tendency in the minds of all juries not to find a plea of justification proved, and it is one of the axioms of advocacy that if you attempt to prove this plea and fail, the jury largely increase the damages.

In my young days I was instructed in the craft of jury trials:—How the jury are not allowed to know that the defendant has offered amends by paying money into Court, on the hypothesis, I understand, that they would always give more, so that the plaintiff should get his costs, whether from the business point of view the amends tendered were or were not sufficient:—How the jury in the familiar 'running-down' case invariably find for the plaintiff against an omnibus company, or a wealthy contractor, if the case is left to them:—How astute counsel never advise a trial before a Common Jury unless it is practically a hopeless case:—How useful it is to 'fight the Judge,' and make capital out of every petty, irrelevant grievance if there is a jury in the box. I soon learnt that in every case before a judge alone one or both counsel say, 'As



there is no jury, my lord,' and then follows some frank, practical, helpful suggestion which saves time, and assists the course of justice. Judge and counsel know perfectly well that the true meaning of the hackneyed phrase is, 'As you, my lord, are not an irresponsible, ignorant, capricious and uncertain body of twelve ordinary men, I may tell you something of importance which will not lead you to some ludicrous conclusion and fill your mind with prejudice in favour of, or against, my client.'

Civil and criminal trials in this country take place before a judge alone, or before a judge and jury. The word 'judge' covers High Court judges, Official Referees, County Court judges, Recorders of boroughs, Chairmen of Quarter Sessions, stipendiary magistrates, and ordinary unpaid county and borough magistrates. There are also Consistorial Courts, as the public has recently learnt, where the judge sits with or without Assessors. We need not consider the functions of the Grand Jury, which were suspended during the war, and, in the opinion of great judges and persons of expert knowledge, ought never to be revived. It is an obsolete tribunal, and its sole remaining function is to decide whether the committing magistrate or magistrates was or were right in thinking that there was a *prima facie* case against the accused. They sit *in camera*, hear no counsel, hardly ever throw out a bill, and when they do they are generally, if not always, wrong. Any ordinary man or woman, moreover, publicly committed for trial at the sessions or assizes, would prefer to be publicly acquitted by the petty jury. This, however, is of minor importance, and cannot be discussed further, as violence by writers who are not distinguished by the habit of thinking, or impeded by experience, would immediately follow, and we should be flooded by the vague generalities about the safeguards of the Constitution, which we know so well.

First, then, of civil trials. A subject called the plaintiff seeking redress for a grievance, or the enforcement of some right, calls upon his opponent, the defendant, to meet him in the King's Courts and have the matter decided. It is the business of the Government, and of the judiciary, to see that the dispute is decided as fairly, as quickly, and as cheaply as is, in the circumstances, possible. The claim may be in contract or in tort; it may concern real property, character, personal injuries, the sale of goods, or the custody of an infant. For the sake of brevity I exclude for the moment disputes in the Probate, Divorce, and Admiralty Division.



The supposed suitor is not entitled to a trial by jury in the majority of cases, but only in a small proportion of those entered in the King's Bench Division and the County Courts, and it is important to remember that no one now suggests that the broad common sense and knowledge of the world traditionally attributed to a jury would be of the least assistance to a Chancery judge.

All those with any experience of his work will agree that if a jury gave the same verdict as he would have done without their assistance their presence would be superfluous, and from the additional time required, extravagant, and that if they gave a different verdict they would, not probably but certainly, be wrong.

Advocates of trial by jury would probably say that juries are dispensed with in the Chancery Division because they are judges of fact and not of law, but no judge in any Division can give judgment without first ascertaining and deciding what the facts are.

In the case of *Fitzgerald v. Newnes*, in which Mr. Rufus Isaacs made such a gallant fight for the plaintiff, the action was begun in the Chancery Division, and an application made to Mr. Justice Byrne to transfer it, so that it might be tried in the King's Bench Division by a jury. It was a case of wrongful dismissal. The plaintiff was advised that he would stand a better chance of success, or obtain higher damages, before a jury, which was indeed plain; but as his Counsel, not the one mentioned, was quite unable to tell the judge, face to face, what the real reason was, the application was smilingly dismissed, and the trial which followed was a model.

A plaintiff in such a case naturally wants to do the best he can for himself; but it really comes to this, that he does not want a fair trial; he wants an unfair one, and with a jury he gets it.

Chancery judges are sometimes spoken of as if they were mere pedants, overburdened with black-letter law, whatever that may be thought to be, and destitute of what is called knowledge of the world. This caricature, even as a caricature, is somewhat out of date.

Turning now to the King's Bench Division, we have to consider what the exact effect of the presence of a jury is upon the result of a case tried there. Criminal trials must be kept quite distinct. It will be conceded, I think, by everyone that in addition to the danger of a disagreement, a heavy and unmerited misfortune for someone, a greater burden of costs must inevitably fall upon both parties, and that there must be delay in going to trial—extra months of anxiety which mean so much to litigants,—an

infinitely greater uncertainty as to the result, and a serious bar, never realised by the public, to an appeal against injustice.

Happily it is no longer practically impossible to upset a verdict, as it was a few years ago, but even now an appellant may convince the Lords Justices that they would not themselves have given the verdict in question, and still he may fail in his appeal, startling as this must appear to a layman. Further, it is noticeable that although new trials in jury cases are not common, a new trial before a judge alone, which theoretically can be more easily obtained, is almost unheard of.

It is often said that the assessment of damages is peculiarly within the province of a jury; and that a perplexing conflict of evidence can best be disposed of by a verdict of 'twelve good men and true'; but it is the intention of these observations to show the unsubstantiability of these statements, and that in the interests of justice, economy, and public convenience, trial by jury in civil cases ought to be abolished in the County Court, and very largely curtailed, if not abolished, in the King's Bench Division.

It will be impossible for many years to make practical suggestions for altering criminal trials, but I shall have something to say on that branch of the question as illustrating the other, because the jury is the same, and the verdict is much more vigorously discussed by the public, and the evidence is more carefully read, except where in civil cases there is a suggestion of indecency, a slur on the honour of a public man, or something else of a sensational kind. Ordinary readers are likely to pay more attention to allusions to well-known criminal trials than to cases involving money only.

In discussing the question of damages, and the suitability of a jury to assess them, men are naturally influenced, and in matters connected with the practice of the law, obsessed, by the parrot cries of tradition. A student might fail in his examination if he said that a jury is the worst possible tribunal to fix damages; but would it be incorrect? Why should the sum named in a verdict, and arrived at in a way which I will illustrate shortly, be *more* correct, either as a guess or a careful estimate, than the sum named in the judgment of a judge, a very experienced business man, unbiassed, unemotional, and in intelligence at least above the ordinary? It could not; but one factor in the case is that judges like the present procedure; it requires much less exertion, and the responsibility is divided. It is a pleasant change from intricate legal problems, and, on the other hand, the assessment of damages is

tiresome. Where there is no jury a case of assessment of any length or difficulty is sent to an official referee, leaving the judge free to deal with the next purely legal problem.

In a recent issue of the *Strand Magazine* Sir E. Marshall Hall has published his views on 'The psychology of the jury.' He begins and ends with praise of the system itself, but the remainder of the article is a damning indictment against it. Every anecdote which he tells exposes a fresh weakness. It may be the 'psychology' of twelve ordinary men acting as judges that he deals with; but common people would give it an uglier name. He tells as a true story one of the verdict of a jury given against all sense, because they thought it was six to four against the judge being right, and his view, a *correct one*, was known. He justifies the system by the alleged probability of twelve men being more likely to be right than one, overlooking the fact that the decision of a doctor upon a medical question of fact would not be subordinated in any civilised country in the minds of ordinary men to the verdict of a hundred laymen. He actually gives an instance of a disagreement, that grave misfortune, in a case where two only of the jurymen held out for the judge's view. I can supplement the story by another in which three of the jurymen told one of the counsel that the verdict for the plaintiff for a very large sum was due to the fact, not that he had convinced them of the justice of his claim, but to the fact that the judge had not said a word in his favour during the six days of the trial. And in the same case another jurymen told another of the counsel that he had succeeded in largely reducing the amount of the damages not because the plaintiff was entitled to less than the sum suggested by the foreman, but because he, the jurymen, was under some slight, fanciful obligation to the counsel, a man of ideal integrity, and in ignorance of the existence of his humble admirer.

The writer gives some hints on 'The secret of winning verdicts,' and emphasises the rule that 'forbids an expression of any personal opinion by an advocate.' At the Maybrick trial, or the Bartlett trial, was any spectator left in doubt as to the personal opinion of the defending counsel?

In describing the latter trial a journalist in the *Pall Mall Gazette* used these words: 'Mr. Clarke, with tightened lips, leaned forward, with his hand to his forehead, listening intently, as though his own life had been at stake, sometimes shifting his hand to his cheek and digging his fingers into the flesh.' This description

reappears in Sir E. Clarke's article on the trial in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

Does a jury ever reflect while listening to the defence that the advocate could be just as eloquent, violent, captious and emotional on the other side? Does anyone suppose that a defender of prisoners could ever make a reputation by adopting the sedate manners of the prosecution, or by appearing for innocent persons, and obtaining their triumphant acquittal?

In another instance the writer of the article was told by a jurymen that, in a murder case, he and, I suppose, the rest of the jury found a verdict against 'the very strong evidence' of a medical witness (who was uncontradicted) because he had been seen reading the *Sporting Times*.

This is the very negation of justice, but all that Sir Edward asks is 'How, then, are you going to eliminate the idiosyncrasies of jurymen from their verdicts?' How, indeed? He concludes by stating his belief that he won a case by depriving a witness of 'a wondrous display of jewellery' before putting him in the box, expecting, with his experience, that the jury would disbelieve any other-wise honest man who wore it. Idiosyncrasy is scarcely the word.

His last anecdote reaches a climax. It was a case of felony at Borough Quarter Sessions, before the Criminal Evidence Act, and the defending counsel, who had refused priority for his case, called no evidence, but had the last word. Beyond the advocate's denial, there was no defence, so he contented himself with alleging that there was no previous conviction against the prisoner, such as had been proved in all the other cases before the same jury, and the jury promptly brought in a verdict of not guilty.

The Recorder, I assume, was sound asleep, or incapable of summing up. One would like to have heard Mathew, or A. L. Smith, directing that jury, and the Sessions Mess discussing such a piece of advocacy.

The late Master of the Rolls would perhaps have pointed out, in his common-sense way, that it was the law of dogs and boys only which allowed the old school plea of 'first fault.'

What I suppose the counsel meant was that a man of good character would not steal a £5 note (the offence charged), but no evidence of character was given, and only a jury could find a man to be of good character on the ground that his advocate asserted that there was no previous conviction against him.

It is impossible, as the writer shows, to prevent ex-jurymen from disclosing secrets to barristers, but if these disclosures were collected and published the public would appreciate much that is now dark, and there would be no more civil juries. Unfortunately, it is against the interests of those who know to favour any kind of reform, and I can recall no publication in the Law papers, or magazines, or elsewhere, of any serious criticism of civil jury trials, or of the lower standard of professional conduct and manners which sometimes flourishes in that sordid atmosphere. I may, however, venture to say this. At the Bar, if a man is 'straight,' he can hardly have a worse reputation than that of being a 'common jury advocate.' Of the disquieting results of accidental communications with jurymen I give one or two simply because they are the first that come to mind.

In one, my informant, a very well-known writer, saw a cyclist collide with an omnibus, and having given his name to both parties, was called as a witness in the County Court by the plaintiff, although he had refused to give a proof to either side. He gave his account of the accident, and the jury awarded the plaintiff moderate damages. After leaving the Court the witness met a young man somewhere outside, who introduced himself as the foreman of the jury, and chatted about the case. He said, 'I explained to the other men after your evidence that as there was no negligence we could not give *heavy* damages.'

In another case in which the tipsy driver of a dog-cart had run over a foot passenger on the pavement and seriously injured him, the medical and other expenses caused to the poor man amounted to £26 odd. To this had to be added almost as much more for that well-known item 'pain and suffering.' Liability being proved, any ordinary man with common sense, and sole responsibility, would have given the plaintiff about £50; but owing to some obstinate partisan holding out for the defendant the 'unanimous' verdict was for £25 only, less than the unchallenged pecuniary loss. It was in this case I remember that a jurymen asked a question. Nothing is more startling to the mind of anyone conducting or intently watching a case than a question asked by the jury. The question put to the defendant by a jurymen in the running down case was, 'Why don't you pay your debts?' I suppose the inquirer was a creditor, but no comment is necessary. I could show by many instances how these questions from the box show

conclusively that the jury do not follow the issue being tried. They are generally, in the strictly classical sense, absurd.

While playing cricket once, when Lord Coleridge was Chief Justice, I vaguely recognised the wicket-keeper on the other side, and he told me that he was the foreman of a jury in a case tried before his Lordship, when I had been present, and had seen him. He had no respect for lawyers, and asserted that the case was decided by him and his colleagues on a point which had never been raised, or discussed, or understood by judge or counsel, or by the parties !

This reminds me of one more illustration within my personal knowledge of what does really take place when the jury are deliberating.

The action was for damages for breach of contract. The defendant repudiated the contract on the ground of misrepresentation, but this defence failed. There was no real dispute about the amount of damages, £30,000, the whole fight being about the alleged deception. When the jury retired the question of liability was not discussed, everyone being in favour of the plaintiff. The foreman proposed to give him £20,000, others demurred, and after a long wrangle all the twelve agreed to £5000 only. The desire of the majority was to give much more, but £30,000 was not even thought of. Owing to the compromise method of calculating without reason the plaintiff lost £25,000 without the possibility of an appeal. Litigants are not a class ; they cannot combine ; they can make no public complaint outside the Courts. Our administration of the law is the best in the world, and therefore need not be improved. The jury who heard the whole of the evidence are the best judges, and litigation is always uncertain. So runs the tale. If Dickens had served half a dozen times on a jury, and had eclipsed the Bardell case by a serious description of his several deliberations with his eleven haphazard companions, he might have done for the King's Bench Division what 'Bleak House' did for equity. He did observe 'the extraordinary confusion of ignorant minds,' and, as he says in his last preface to 'Pickwick,' 'The licence of counsel, and the degree to which juries are ingeniously bewildered are yet susceptible of moderation,' though many years had passed since he wrote the 'Papers.'

I have avoided any discussion of mixed juries or their future, as I think it will be brief and distressing. A few extremists made their demand, and it was cynically granted, *damnosa hereditas*.

In criminal trials the considerations are quite different, and the times are not ripe for a sweeping reform, but a careful perusal of the *Strand* article, 'Leaves from a Lawyer's Case Book' in the CORNHILL, and 'The Story of my Life,' also by Sir Edward Clarke, provokes a few criticisms which may be of interest to those who are not lawyers.

The 'Life' is a large book, one of the most detailed, frank, and skilful of its kind. Nothing so complete, so self-revealing, or so unselfconscious, has been written by any great man about himself since the death of Benvenuto Cellini. I cannot, in any sense, review it, but as it is well known, public property, and written by a famous defender of prisoners, I propose to draw attention to some of the relevant points, especially the outlook and ethics of the prisoner's counsel in relation to juries. The writer unintentionally supplies a comment on his own advocacy and success before the Criminal Evidence Act, 1898—a simple measure of justice which, owing to professional opposition, took twenty-seven years to pass into law—by saying—

'The change in the law, which has very properly been made, has seriously reduced the opportunities of the advocate (i.e. has secured the conviction of the guilty in many cases). A brilliant speech before the prisoner is called is dangerous : when the prisoner has been called it is often impossible.'

When we closely examine this sentence, coming from such a source, and then read the writer's own history of his triumphs, in particular in the Penge mystery, the Pimlico case, and the Detective case, we have a painful impression that all is not well with the administration of justice, and that much was very bad before 1898. Juries were cleverly deceived, and many criminals escaped the just punishment of their crimes. Parenthetically, I may remark that they still escape in considerable numbers, even after conviction, owing to the extreme technicality of the law.

It might interest the non-legal magazine-reader to know that an investigation of the first 150 appeals heard before the Court of Criminal Appeal disclosed the surprising fact that in no single instance was it alleged by the appellant's counsel, or found, that the prisoner had not in fact committed the crime alleged. The popular idea of the innocent man humbly imploring the Appeal Court to clear his character and release him from unmerited punishment has no foundation ; but the new Court has greatly



benefited the legal profession and the criminal classes and has quieted the public mind.

But to return to Sir E. Clarke's 'brilliant speeches.' It is clear that a brilliant speech can only be 'dangerous' if the prisoner is guilty. The danger is that a speech which would otherwise deceive the jury may turn out not to square with the evidence of the guilty man, who may not stand cross-examination. I have pointed out that anyone of even mediocre ability, and quite incapable of a brilliant speech, can almost always successfully defend an innocent man. See 'A Story of the Sea (The Ibis)' in the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for February 1921. Sir E. Clarke there secured the victory for a man against whom there was no evidence at all.

Why is it 'often impossible' to make a brilliant speech after the prisoner has been called? Because he is guilty, and the jury have found it out. In the cases mentioned, the Penge accused persons were all convicted, but the Detective and Mrs. Bartlett escaped. How these two successes were obtained appears at large in the book and in 'The Trial of Adelaide Bartlett' published by Sir Edward.

Notwithstanding, or in consequence of the excitement in medical circles which produced a reprieve in the Penge case, the most important point is often overlooked. Sir Edward thinks that if the jury had been properly charged all the prisoners would have been hanged. 'The misconduct of the judge saved the prisoners' lives,' he writes.

In the Detective case (the CORNHILL MAGAZINE for August 1915), the writer's client was tried along with four others for accepting many large bribes and conspiring to defeat the ends of justice. He alone escaped. In the 'Life' we find some interesting sidelights and puzzles. Mr. Clarke was 36 years of age, and the Penge case was 'attracting a good deal of attention,' he was within three years of a silk gown, and his client had been committed with the others, on statements which were 'so definite and in some important respects so strongly confirmed' that his high position could not protect him, yet Mr. Clarke 'believed him,' and 'sympathised with him,' and accepted a small fee in consequence. The account of the trial is long and well known, but there is nothing to show why the advocate either believed in or sympathised with the accused.

He shows how in the case of the others it was impossible to



escape conviction, but says, 'in C's case there was room for doubt.' We look in vain for any foundation for this hope, but we find that 'the most elaborately prepared of all my forensic speeches' was delivered with the object explained in these words :—

'My scheme was to throw all my strength into an exordium which might make the jury feel that such an accusation made against a man of stainless reputation and long-continued public service was really incredible. Then, when I came to deal, discreetly and not in too great detail, with the serious evidence against him, each of the twelve minds, which it was my duty to influence, would be predisposed, and even eager, to reject or explain away, or wholly to ignore, facts which were inconsistent with the conclusion at which it had already, if unconsciously, arrived. The peroration was intended to sweep away any lingering doubts by the confidence of its rhetorical appeal for an acquittal.'

The jury whose minds it was the speaker's duty to influence were obliging enough to make them up at once, and they 'did not pay very great attention' to the Attorney-General's speech or the judge's 'model summing up.' So they said privately, but it is hard to believe of sensible men, at least if you have read the story.

The speech quoted is an example of the startling frankness of the book and of the writer's estimate of the methods of thought which exist in the jury box.

In the 'Pimlico mystery' case he claims, I think, to have saved the woman's life by his advocacy; and he may well have done so. The conduct of her case required no ordinary skill. The verdict was, 'We have considered the evidence, and although we think grave suspicion is attached to the prisoner, we do not think there is sufficient evidence to show how or by whom the chloroform was administered.' Sir Edward tells the story with admirable fairness, without omitting or disguising anything, and by showing the almost insuperable difficulties, even with a jury, stimulates our admiration of his great abilities.

The woman employed her lover, a minister of the gospel, to buy for her a large quantity of chloroform secretly, with the avowed object of administration to her husband, to 'soothe' him. After the death the bottle was immediately hidden, and secretly destroyed. The husband and wife were alone in the room when he swallowed the fatal dose, but when the doctors came they were told nothing,

and the bottle was not there. If then the wife with all her plans prepared did not carry them out, the patient must have taken the bottle from the chimney-piece with his own hand, drunk more than enough to kill himself, and then have correctly *replaced the bottle* in its exact position without his sleeping companion knowing then or afterwards what had happened. 'Grave suspicion,' the jury thought, attached to the prisoner, but they wanted more evidence in order to go further. The verdict was received with a passionate outburst of cheers outside the Court.

Of the jury in the Penge case I need only say this. When a woman has died, robbed of all her property by her husband and robbed of him by another woman, robbed of her baby, starved, imprisoned and beaten, so that her body is in the almost unspeakable condition described; and those responsible for her treatment are charged with murder, they may be entitled to an acquittal upon it being shown that the actual cause of death was cerebral disease, but no jury in England, whoever judge and counsel and medical witnesses might have been, would have acquitted the Stauntons. A re-perusal of the frightful story deprives one of words.

## CROQUIS MÉRIDIONAUX.

'WHAT is there to see at Nîmes?'

Such is the question we ask our French friends before we visit Provence. They proudly answer, 'Les Arènes'—'la Maison Carrée'—then invariably add 'and of course you have heard of Le Jardin de la Fontaine.' I am very ignorant; I did not know of the existence of such a garden.

How one grows to love it! Delightful in sunshine, it even has its charm on a wet day when emptied of the usual crowd of playing children. Here grow the trees, planes and wych-elms, so welcome after the rough parched lands lying round this Provençal town. The water from 'La Source' which fed the Roman baths gives them sufficient moisture during the arid months of summer. A natural slope, covered with masses of evergreen shrubs, makes a background for the old baths and the Temple of Diana. Flights and flights of broad stone steps, cunningly placed terraces, and many alleys, containing low stone seats, lead gently up into a sparse fir wood, behind which stands La Tour Magne, the grand old tower commanding a splendid view of the country below. But let us go down, not up, for to watch the life of Nîmes one must rendezvous at the bandstand.

Surely France can have no fear for future generations is one's first thought. There are such crowds of gay little French folk—playing, chattering, walking with their governesses or hanging on to the hands of the nurses dressed in picturesque cloaks and white caps ornamented with large-headed gold pins. The children buy 'oublies,' sweet cone-shaped wafer biscuits, turning the wheel of fortune slung on the back of the merchant, or suck oranges purchased from the Spanish boys. They dance, they run, they hop, skip, and jump in the dappled shade of the trees, or chase one another round and round in the sunshine by the empty bandstand. The nurses gossip endlessly; their charges often seem forgotten as they gently rock the youngest to and fro, but little harm can come to the children in this delightful playground designed for them by that wizard Le Nôtre. No doubt he pictured a very different scene. Ladies and their beaux, courtiers, possibly kings, took

their ease and pleasure in his garden. The severe calm beauty of the Roman baths, with their flat dalles, columns, and green water seem fashioned for the gay French court, the sweep of dresses, and the exchange of wit.

As one wanders home towards the iron gates, which lead to the low sunk canal and boulevards, one passes two sculptured figures nestling under the trees. They are called 'En route vers l'amour.' At twilight the stone seats make wonderful trysting spots and Nîmois with their Nîmoises are always to be found 'en route.'

If I were asked what is the national sport of the Frenchman I should unhesitatingly reply—bowls; but an officer and gentleman would tell you the noble art of fencing.

'Le jeu de boules' is everywhere. In alleys, in the high roads, in gardens, before cafés, behind the Tour Magne, they roll the hard wooden balls. I say wooden, but perhaps one should more correctly say iron, for the French bowl is smaller than ours, and studded with large-headed nails driven in so close to one another that the wood is no longer visible. I have often seen groups of thirty or forty men gathered over a match; the betting is fast and high. The Nîmois will also protest you have seen nothing till you have assisted at a bullfight in Les Arènes; but as a nation we are too merciful towards animals to endure seeing them tortured and killed even to witness the spectacular entry into the Arena.

The sun was shining gloriously as we walked down the Boulevard Victor Hugo towards the wonderful mass of stones piled together by the Romans two thousand years ago. How big, how round, how wonderfully designed are the arches of the exterior! They form a vast circle in two tiers, and never did I realise how blue was the sky until I saw it through the depth of the deep grey arches of Les Arènes de Nîmes. It is blue, blue, blue, of a clearness and pureness celestial. It makes one draw breath and think 'How marvellous are the heavens and the work of men's hands!'

We paid our 2 fr. 50 c., and entered the cold entrails of the arches. Immediately it seems cruel, and one visualises pools of blood and shivering forms crouching in terror against the vast cold blocks of stone. But, after mounting the three low flights of steps, we emerged into the blessed sunlight and breathed again. Ah! how huge it is—this most enormous circus, and it looks here in the interior as if a child has played with a giant box of bricks.

On half the sanded floor, groups of men were fencing, and shortly after our arrival the excitement grew more tense as they prepared to fight the finals. The foils are so slender and so pliant, the play of the wrist so supple and quick, one never tires of watching. Four men stood round the combatants; a fifth, evidently the last authority, with a light cane controlled the fight. There was a sharp altercation. One of the four objected to some judgment. 'Sir, do you alone know the rules of fencing? *Je me retire.*' The spectators applaud vigorously. '*Je me retire,*' repeats the wrathful officer. One expects him to seize a foil and pierce the heart of the calm bearded gentleman with the cane. However, he is somehow placated and we proceed. '*Houp là—touché!*' cries the champion, the mask is raised and the quick handclasp given. He is a big bull of a fellow from Montpellier and he presses his adversary unmercifully. Often a few seconds is sufficient for him. Then there is the leader of the Royalists with his black bearded face and merry eye. He is always eager for the fray and evidently a favourite with all. Forgotten are the delights of a 4 o'clock '*Gôûter chez Fortuni*'—that delightful '*pâtisserie*' where one can drink delicious '*café au lait*' and eat many small cakes for a few francs. The sun sinks behind the arches—the fencers move to the further side of the amphitheatre to get the benefit of the last remaining rays. We remain, too entranced in watching the foils to feel cold or hungry. It is quite dark when we pass out under the arches again. A dainty sport, '*l'escrime.*'

It was our good fortune to stay outside the city, and breathe the purer air of '*les environs*,' not generally discovered by the passing traveller only interested in the wonders our French friends were concerned to point out.

Daudet has presented the Provençal to us as a hunter. It is still a just picture. On all feast days and high days you meet these Tartarins, '*fusil au dos*,' knapsack slung over one shoulder, sternly bent on '*la chasse.*'

Also, every well-regulated household, even the beggar's, has its '*mazet.*'

And what is a mazet? we ask. A mazet is a haunt, a retired nook, a squatter's cabin. It embodies all the primitive longing we had as children to find some spot where we could retire and play our absorbing games undisturbed by grown-ups. The word '*mazet*' means in Provençal '*little farm*,' but the building itself is more

nearly related to the Canadian shack than any farm. On a fine Sunday morning, if one opens the iron gate or peeps over the high wall which solidly protects a town house, there are streams of Nîmois, grandfathers, grandmothers, heads of families, children, bonnes and dogs prepared and all eager for a day in their mazet. A happy exodus from the town! Heaped baskets, wine bottles, trees to plant in the garden, guns, toys, everything goes. In the twilight the same procession returns, but this time the baskets are full of flowers.

Our curiosity was deeply roused. We longed with a great longing to see the interior of a mazet, and one cold clear February afternoon we started. The mistral blew sharply in our faces, but the sun was bright and warm. After the Octroi on the side of the hill, the mazets begin to cluster everywhere. Rough stone walls surround them entirely, the stones being picked off the ground and piled together without any attempt at cementing. They look as if, in the language of the fairy tale, one could 'huff and puff and blow the house down,' but they are really quite a solid protection. There are practically no trees, and from some distance the hills round Nîmes have a pocked and pitted aspect, very curious and distinctive.

After some walking we heard the clattering of tools behind one of these walls, and I put my head over and hailed the proprietor. The question I asked was a natural one. 'Where did he get his water in this arid land?' '*Fichtre, Mademoiselle*, and where do I get my water! *Entrez, entrez*,' and he flung open his gate. There—we were inside a mazet—and talking to the lord of that same, a ruffian to look at, but a worthy plasterer by trade, and a large-hearted host to strangers. We must not only look all round his garden, we must drink coffee with him, and see everything, from the tank in which he kept his water to the remains of the rabbit he had eaten for his déjeuner. The chief ornaments in his parlour were guns. His fortress bristled with weapons of defence. He showed us proudly his bedroom and the tool house where he kept tame rabbits, and then produced glasses which had a rinse under the tap and a wipe over with a dirty rag. Coffee was poured out and spoons and sugar produced. Our plasterer never ceased his flow of French mixed with Provençale, very difficult to disentangle. There was no need for us to exert ourselves conversationally. One question started him.

Yes, a mazet is a pleasant, peaceful possession. I long to own

one where I too may retire from the world and, like Daudet in his mill, think long thoughts.

Circumstances force one, not unwillingly, into the pleasant adventuring of travel, and we pass from age-old wonders in Provence to the comparatively later times of the Popes of Avignon.

The interior of most French churches is not attractive to English eyes. They are sombre and frequently extremely dirty. Even the tall candles which seem, when still unlighted, to be straining towards heaven, are often spoilt now. In these economical days they have fixed electric bulbs on dummy candles. The sacristan touches a button, the altar is ablaze, and all the poetry of the lighted candle has disappeared. Cross the frontier and enter an Italian church. Here is no economy. There are clouds of incense and thousands and thousands of candles lighted with utter disregard of the price of wax.

The Virgin of Villeneuve-lès-Avignon is unique. She is not an image, she is almost a living woman palpitating with love. I believe the old sacristan when he says, 'If Our Lady is shown in Paris, she is certainly the most beautiful.'

She is now locked up in a big iron safe in the sacristy behind the high altar of the Church. Keys are produced, the workmanship of which we are called upon to admire, the door swings back, and there she sits, smiling, on her carved pedestal, the Child upright on her knee. Surely her lips move. Her mouth is tender, she is either going to kiss or say something playful to her babe.

A Benedictine carved this wonderful expression of happy motherhood in the early days of the Papal occupation of Avignon. Too modest to leave his name to posterity, that name is now unknown. What years and years he must have spent carving it out of the one piece of ivory! Each detail in the robes of Mother and Child is thought out with such minute care, the colours are fresh and exquisitely chosen. Because the gigantic tusk of ivory had a natural curve he had to adapt his figures. Therefore the Mother is leaning towards the Child; but it is a most graceful attitude. The old man slowly turns the pedestal so that we may better admire the profile. Could anything be more beautiful! Too often the Virgin is presented to us as 'La Mère des Douleurs.' Why should we look on sorrow? Joy is far more elevating for the soul. So, perhaps, thought the monk as he sat creating his Virgin in this calm back-water. His



Madonna and Child are the joyous expression of loving motherhood, his ideal of a happy woman playing with her first-born. He must have had some living woman always pictured in his brain, otherwise could he have created anything so exquisitely happy?

Truly it is worth a pilgrimage across the swiftly flowing Rhone, yet I fancy that pilgrimage is one few visitors to Avignon make. They pass by, ignorant that within three kilometers may be seen one of the masterpieces of France. It is a hidden gem in the heart of an old group of monastic buildings and tumbling houses worth searching for.

A few hours' journeying through rich valleys carries the wanderer into Dauphiné and one arrives at Grenoble, a town of modern manufactories and much learning, but with yet the faint odour of past memories.

They say that Gratian founded Grenoble, and that the town was once known as Gratianopolis. Perhaps the old houses clustering under the side of Mont Rachais on the brink of the river Isère do not go back as far as the time of Gratian—still, who knows? There are many ancient things in France.

The steps of 'La Montée' between tumbling red-tiled houses are broad and deep, and lead gradually, with many twists and curves, up to the deserted Convent and Church of *St. Marie d'en Haut*. They are always, always full of playing children, these delightful old worn steps, and at the last turn, tucked away in a corner, squatting before a low easel, we found an artist intent on immortalising them. Now it requires as much patience to paint the children of 'La Montée de Challemont' as to paint humming-birds. They never cease jumping up and down the steps or darting in at the old house doors or flitting round corners; but our artist was a patient and determined man. The wrinkles round the corners of his eyes showed a kind and placid nature, his voice was quiet but firm, and he knew how to distribute sous. 'Dites,' he said, sucking gravely at his short pipe, '*appelez celle que vous nommez La Violande, avec les cheveux un peu comme ça*,' and his hands aided his tongue. There were immediate cries for La Violande, and shyly appeared a little maiden in a red pinafore. Her olive elf face looked tantalizingly out of a tangle of dark hair. She stood obediently in her corner. '*Un petit second*,' implored the painter and worked dexterously with his brushes. Then came a



sigh of disappointment, '*Plus de soleil, pas possible à continuer.*' The admiring mothers looking from doorway and window exclaimed regretfully, '*Ah, Monsieur, c'est terminé pour aujourd'hui?*' '*Oui, Mesdames, c'est terminé. Plus de soleil,*' he replies, and begins packing up.

It is true, the sun has gone from the steps, but not so the charm. The inhabitants of the old houses remain, and will remain generation after generation. And a memory of light and youth imperishable will remain vividly with me. The memory, too, of a mere man striving vainly to grasp the soul of a child '*dans un petit second.*' He must have large imaginings and deep ambitions.

MAUD HALLAM ROBERTS.

## TREASURE.

## I.

A GALE overtook the *John Berry* off the coast of New Guinea, and the little tops'l schooner, labouring and tightly reefed down, contended with it valiantly. In fact, she contended with it overvaliantly, coming out of the battle, with practically no sail to reef, under a rag and a rope.

James Grant, who skippered her—she had an anomalous name for a lady, had the schooner—at last decided to run before the gale; and he ran for two days and nights, and as nearly as possible fetched up on land—a land flowing with genuine milk and honey, save and except for the milk of human kindness.

The gale had almost spent itself. Grant lost an anchor, and got out another in better holding ground. The schooner rode safely at last in six fathoms of water, and the breaking of the cloud masses let through a shaft of sunlight, piercing and vibrant, that lighted up the land with a smile of welcome. Days of lowering, menacing sky, of furious sea that rushed up to snatch furiously at the stars, and, disappointed in its aspiration, had seemed to fall back each time more furiously upon the groaning schooner, made the sight of land, with its luxuriant greenness aback, stir the heart like a handclasp of a new-found friend.

The piercing of the veil of cloud was the break-up of the elemental citadel, its capitulation to the sun, and in another hour the sky was blue, cloud-clear. Steam rose from the decks of the sodden schooner, the salty brine began to crust on her, and Captain Grant, coming on deck in dry clothes, exchanged a smile with the mate, Pender.

'Clothes to mend, Pender,' said he, casting a glance at the ragged suit flapping gently round the poles. 'Better than being croaked, though.'

'It is, sir,' said Pender, who was rather taciturn, being fresh to the rôle of mate, with a theory that seamanship and silence were mates too.

It was while they were lying off the coast, making a rough refit, that they picked up Daly. But for the gale's stress, they would never have seen him, and he would have been lost to the world. He told them so frankly, when they went ashore for him, put him

in a shore-going suit of Grant's, and were filling him up with hot tea.

'Cannibals!' said Daly, in answer to a question. He spoke in the amazed voice of a man who has accidentally discovered a prehistoric beast. 'I never thought to see them, though I've heard talk.'

'Then you're new to this spot,' said Grant. 'What took you?' He looked at Daly. The man had a month-old beard, but he could not be more than thirty-five. His eyes were young, dark, flashing, eager; something burned in them unquenched by his misfortunes, his miscarried seeking, his numberless mare's nests.

Daly nodded. 'I am. There's something of the fool in me, skipper, that I can never thrash out.'

'You're over-romantic by the look of you,' said Grant, who was not without insight. 'Have you struck it yet?'

Daly grinned at him. 'How do you know?'

'Know?' echoed Grant. 'When I see a man knocking round the islands with no visible occupation, a torn shirt, and a look of distance, as you might say, in his eyes, gold spells itself out to me easy.'

'You're right,' said Daly; 'and what better in this world, skipper? The only thing you can do without it is dying. It's meat and drink, it's pleasure and satisfaction.'

'Surely, when you come on it. But how long have you been looking for it, my son?'

Daly straightened his muscular shoulders. 'I was turned loose in Sydney as a boy of fifteen. That's near twenty year now.'

'And you've only got that scar to show for it!' said Grant, pointing to a fresh wound that began at the temple, and ran down almost to the chin. 'How did you come by that?'

Daly's eyes were reminiscent. He finished his tea, and sat back. 'A reminder from the boys out back there. Cannibals, on my word, and it was the rare chase I had to get away from them.'

'No doubt,' said Grant, offering him a stodgy cheroot, 'no doubt; and you may thank your stars it wasn't done with a poisoned point. But, tell me, what is there to all this seeking for treasure? It's a disease, I'm thinking.'

'It is,' said Daly, 'it's a wasting disease; and it's twenty good years of my life I've wasted. I've hunted it in Alaska before now—aye, and Africa. Treasure it is, and it's somewhere waiting for me. I'll come by it yet.'

'Then settle down?'

A shade of discomfort was in Daly's eye. It was clear that he had never literally looked beyond the seeking. 'I suppose I will now.'

'If you're wise, and lucky, you will,' said Grant kindly. 'A home and a son, that's treasure, my man, and don't you forget it. A fire to sit to, and company. That's treasure on earth, and in Heaven too, I think, only that we'll not need fires then.'

'There's more than a wife and a fire in gold,' said Daly, his eyes lighting up again. 'What are those but what any man can have, skipper?'

'They're more than many a man deserves though. Where'd you have been if the *John Berry* had been steam and not sail? It was the ill wind served your trick, and nothing else.'

'They would have eaten me,' said Daly, tolerantly. 'But I'm glad to have seen them, as a man might be glad to see a two-headed calf—just for the wonder of the thing, do you mind.'

He lighted his cheroot and drew some greedy puffs, relaxed, at his ease again, and the firm lips under the ragged beard were curved in a smile of amusement.

'You're right,' said Grant, getting up. 'Now, my son, I can see you never wore a beard as an ornament, and if you care to have the loan of my razor, cook'll get you some hot water out of the galley.'

'I'll have it off, and glad,' agreed Daly; 'you're a decent sort, skipper, and I'm grateful to you.'

'To blazes with that!' growled Grant. 'Away with you, and come up to me on deck when you're through with the razoring.'

Youth was instinct in the man when he came on deck again. He looked twenty-five; his eye sparkled anew; the vitality of his lithe, muscular body showed itself in his walk.

He looked curiously at the men, who were busy at work rigging a fresh set of sails under the critical gaze of the skipper.

'You got it hard,' he said.

'In the neck!' said Grant; 'but I had a full suit for her stowed away this trip, and I reckon to haul out by to-morrow evening.'

'And where might you be going?'

'Suva, my son—Fiji, and from that on to Wellington. Where shall I drop you?'

'Anywhere but overboard,' said Daly; 'I'm thinking there's no minerals on Fiji.'

'No, unless it be mineral waters. But are you still aiming at prospecting?'

'Sure I am,' said Daly, 'what else? Would yourself be after turning doctor, and you knowing nothing of it? It's the same with me. I've no training for anything, and no mind to turn my hand to unskilled labour.'

'I see,' said Grant, walked forward to give an order, and came slowly back. "'Wha maun to Cupar, maun to Cupar"' as we say at home; and it's not for me to interfere. But, if you've any money, you should lie quiet a bit somewhere, with a roof over you, and gather information before you start again.'

'That's true. I should. This country's too big for wandering. I would better like to get the straight news before I set off.'

Grant nodded. 'Fiji will be no use to you, unless you're ready to grade down into a beachcomber; and what gold there is in New Zealand my ain folk have got a wadset on, as you'd find if you went there.'

'Anyway it's too far. I've a matter of twenty pound on me at this moment, and if you could set me down where I could have reasonable value for it, I'd be obliged.'

'I was thinking of it. I was wondering if Terrett's widow—but you may not have heard of Terrett?'

'I have not. Who might he be?'

'He was a terror, a holy terror, while he lived, but he's more likely to be *in* holy terror now. He was a trader to start, then he took to gin by the pannikin, and gin seems to have begotten some bad forgotten streak in him. He knifed Ward of the *Abigail* and did three years for it. They say he did a bit of looting when he came out, and thieving as well. But he had the tongue of a seraph with the wimmin, and he married a young woman after he left the gaol.'

'And why now did she marry him?'

'Because she was a woman, no doubt, and pity's a born imitator of love, my son. She was young too, not over eighteen, and pretty. She's still pretty now, though you can see what living with Bob Terrett did for her.'

'Ah, and what killed him?'

'Cannibals, they say, but I misdoubt if it wasn't the two men who went up-country with him. The folk were too pleased to inquire closely.'

'Is that it?' said Daly; he was looking at the captain with an abstracted eye, 'and where might she live?'

'Along the coast this side Port Moresby. I can drop in there. There's the store she still keeps on, though she talks of leaving for home; and I've no doubt she'll do for you a while, if I put in a word.'

'Thank you,' said Daly, 'I would like that well.'

## II.

Mary Terrett was undoubtedly pretty, though there was a look of resignation in her eyes that spoke to the sorrows of her married life. She was plump, with a fresh complexion, and fair hair, smoothed back somewhat primly from a broad open brow.

The store was doing little when Daly was installed as a lodger there. Terrett had placed it where he could work quietly at his own tricks, and, except for the local, half-civilised natives, there were few customers. Now and then an itinerant trader or a party of hopeful prospectors going inland would call. But the place suited Daly all right. He would sit there by the hour together, smoking his pipe in the shade, and watching Mary, who was engaged in the fashioning of some eternal crocheting.

'It looks strange out here,' said Daly once, pointing to the growing complexity of white thread; 'cannibals and crocheting! It's a world, isn't it.'

'Crocheting saved me before now,' said Mary.

Perhaps it was just because Daly had no seraph tongue that she was attracted to him. She suspected fluency in men, and the complimentary and hyperbolic were in her mind inseparably associated with evil. Terrett had sickened her of glibness with a saccharine tint.

The overplus of romance in Daly, which Grant had rightly diagnosed, found food in his observation of the silent, brooding woman. For the first time in his life he began to reflect upon the curve of a cheek, the liquidity of an eye, the soft moulding of a woman's throat. But somehow the welling up of this unaccustomed sentiment made him restless. It was to him as the Sirens' song to Ulysses, something that threatened to wean him from his full purposes.

Conscious of the sentiment's growing strength, he strove to master it by dreams of treasure awaiting him in some undiscovered fastness. He would go out on the shady veranda of the store and stare at the blue serrated ridge of mountain sawing the blue sky.

Then his eyes would wander down to the wild luxuriance of the forest and jungle between, impenetrable, mysterious.

He ought to be up there somewhere, searching, searching. There would be the hot tang of the jungle, the excitement and the constant wonder of the forest, driving him on ; treasure luring him forward.

Treasure, he had said, was neither wife nor child, which any man might have. What it was exactly he hardly knew, but it would be something he had never had ; unimaginable, and so far unattainable things, things hinted at on the stage, such as he had once heard of in the theatre at Cape Town. With treasure you had cars like Pullmans, servants who ran up and down for you, castles, houses in town, cigars, that wore no bands but cost five shillings apiece, shooting and fishing, clubs, a French chef. Treasure meant all that.

He hung fire though. At the end of a month he was still staying with Mary Terrett at the store. She had changed since he came. Once or twice she looked at him shyly, and he caught her eye and smiled. His smile lighted up wonderfully a face that was somewhat grim in repose, and above the smile those eager, vital eyes sparkled. This was the period of a sentimental telepathy. They exchanged thoughts without a word, and something in Daly's heart glowed when he realised that one word would be enough.

After the day when that realisation came, he got up in the middle of the night, put on a pair of shoes, and walked out on the veranda. The scene swam in moonlight. The mountains, the forest, the jungle were silver, the sky was a dark blue velvet cloth embroidered with hot gold stars. The night was soundless and windless.

Daly went off the veranda, walking carelessly, his head among the stars. He went towards the bush as if no reptile existed in all those untamed spaces, and with the sublime luck of the man who is drunk, or sleep-walking, or in love, he went scatheless.

But out of the moonlight spaces a call came to him from beyond the mountain ranges, and it told him to be up and doing. While the treasure was there, let him seek it. Others might come along, and find it. Would he go half a lifetime after it, and then give up when it was near ?

He awakened to find himself threading the bush, and he was instantly aware of the danger of snakes, the possibilities of danger that lurk always in the New Guinea jungle. He went back to the

house swiftly, walking delicately, as Agag, the protecting spell gone from him. When he got into bed he had a full resolution made. He had stayed his time in a house, and must to the open air again.

He told Mary as much next morning, and was half irritated when she nodded and smiled at him in a friendly way.

'Yes, I'll hit the road again,' he repeated; 'I have me business to get on with, do you mind.'

'Won't you wait till a party comes along?' she asked gently. 'They say there's gold just found up the Swan River?'

'I will not,' said Daly, watching with an extraordinary anger the peeping out of Mary's rejuvenated dimples; 'I was due to be gone before this.'

Mary's soft eyes were fixed on him with an inscrutable, veiled tenderness. Her face was a denial of his resolution, her expression that of an innocent Circe who is aware of the power of her spell.

'You know best,' said she.

'I've been here over a month,' said Daly, taking a little bundle of notes from his pocket; 'I'll be obliged, Mrs. Terrett, if you'll pay yourself out of that.'

She took the notes, smiling. 'I'll give you a regular bill, Mr. Daly. I'll have it ready in the afternoon.'

He marvelled that she did not offer to pack for him, and still more that she asked nothing as to his destination. He might have been going down to the lagoon for a bathe, for all the interest she showed.

Her apparent indifference intrigued him. He worried over it when she did not sit on the store veranda that morning, crocheting while he smoked. He saw nothing of her until she gave him his midday meal.

'Tisn't a jot that she cares if she never sees hilt nor hair of me again,' he grumbled to himself.

But she did not join him after the meal. He sat out there getting impatient; restless and wondering. Before the quick dark came down he would be pushing up through the bush, his face to the mountains, and the treasure waiting for him.

She came to him an hour later with a very modest bill. He looked diffidently at it, and the notes she gave to him. Then he suddenly caught at her hand.

'I'm not going, Mary!' he announced triumphantly.

'I thought you wouldn't go,' said she softly.



## III.

The itinerant missionary married Daly and Mary Terrett a fortnight later, and Daly began to plan for the store. He reorganised it, ordered fresh goods from a trader, thought of putting an advertisement in a paper somewhere—even an Australian paper.

He attacked the bush with fervour, made a vegetable plot, and began to rebuild the house. His happiness and enthusiasm were both enormous, and under his tender protection Mary grew as she had been, and the resignation faded altogether out of her eyes.

'I wonder what Captain Grant would say to us?' he asked her once, a grin on his face.

Mary nodded gently, 'Captain Grant often told me he was fey.'

'But he couldn't know!' Daly protested.

She smiled a little, 'I'll have to thank him when he comes this way again.'

'For what?' said he, staring.

'For you, dear,' said Mary, and her eyes glowed as he had never seen them glow before.

Though he was not aware of it, she watched him day by day. As the months passed her anxiety subsided. He seemed content in the store, in his vegetable patch, or sitting with her in the evening, smoking and talking. Only, she told herself, she would never be quite happy until his eyes had lost their far-off look, as if his body sometimes sat with her, while his soul explored the wilderness, climbing uncorporeally the ridges and ranges that set their blue barrier beyond.

The store was doing better now, and when Captain Grant turned up four months later, he found them happy. But he did not again force his views on Daly, for views with some men provoke to contrariety, and Grant fully shared the hopes Mary confided in him.

'He's fighting with it still, captain,' she told him; 'this is narrow for a man like him after all, and it's understandable, I think.'

Grant wrinkled his kindly brows. 'Aye, it is. He's like a man fishing and getting nothing. There's still hope in his hook.'

Mary nodded. 'But he's quieter like. Is there anything you would do if you were me?'

He reflected, puffing at the cheroot in his teeth, then he shook his head slowly.

'Have faith in his love for you. I would do nothing, neither help nor hinder. When there's a fight on, the seconds get out of the ring. Don't cross him if he talks of being at it again. He has something to draw him back now.'

'I think you're right,' said Mary; 'he's a good man to me, and there never was a better, but it keeps me awake at nights thinking of him waking too, thinking and wondering.'

Grant went away again. Daly had enjoyed his visit, and they had talked for hours together over everything except gold. They never spoke of that, and Mary thought it hopeful. Grant took another view. 'If a man's done with a thing he doesn't mind talking about it,' he told himself.

It was at the end of the fourth month that trouble arrived fortuitously. It took the form of a party of prospectors; four Australians and a man from Oregon. They did a deal in the store, some tinned stuff, flour, sugar, and tobacco. Daly attended to them, but did not ask them their business. He was very silent, and one of the party seemed to notice it.

'Guess you don't have much occasion to use your tongue up here,' he said chaffingly.

'I don't!' said Daly.

'Stowed away, like a gopher in a hole,' said the man from Oregon. 'Well, tastes are tastes, though it wouldn't be mine.'

Daly turned away to a shelf. 'Did you say "plug," or was it cake tobacco?'

'Plug,' said the man, and grinned at his discomfiture.

Daly went on to the veranda to see them off. He watched them file across the clearing he had made; and when the bush path had swallowed them up, he sat down and slowly filled a pipe.

That night Mary was awakened by the man at her side getting up. It was not the first time, but this time was different. He rose, dressed himself, stood quietly for a moment, then bent and kissed the cheek of the woman he thought was sleeping.

Mary heard him moving in the other room. She held herself hard, remembering Captain Grant's injunctions. 'I would do nothing, neither help nor hinder,' he had said. But how difficult it was, to lie there and listen, not knowing what was to happen.

She heard him go out at last. It had seemed a long time. He did not come back. She lay awake until dawn, and then she

dressed, went into their living-room and straight to the table. A note lay there, roughly scrawled :

‘DEAREST MARY,—You’ll not call me a brute beast for going. It’s for you I’m going, really. Yourself ought to be having more than I can give you, servants and luxuries and the like. I’ll get them for you this time sure.

‘A kiss for you, darling, till I come back.

‘JIM.’

She smiled through her tears. He would surely come back before long. It was just the embers of the fire burned out in him, the last spark that needed extinguishing.

She sat all day on the veranda, and the serpent of crochet grew abnormally. But when night came and he did not return, she cried bitterly. The sleeping fever had awakened in him, and fastened.

#### IV.

The days went drearily. Mary lived on as in a dream. Two months later the missionary again visited Mary. He found her restless, excitable ; red spots burned on her cheeks. He was prepared for some tale of woe, some complaint when he heard that Daly had gone.

But Mary did not complain ; she was full of praise of Daly, and the missionary wondered.

‘Then he’s not gone far, Mrs. Daly ?’ he asked.

Mary shook her head. ‘I don’t know. He had a passion for wandering ; but he’ll come back, I know that,’ she said.

The missionary was not so sure. He met many strange people out there, not all of unassailable morals. But he went away, promising to have inquiries made by any party who might be going up country. With that Mary had to be content.

He had a wife of his own, who had just come out to him from England, and he told her all about it when he came back, together with a suspicion he had. His wife had been nursing at home before her marriage. She smiled a little.

‘When are you going again ?’ she asked.

‘In two or three months,’ he answered.

‘I’ll go with you, Robert,’ she said gently ; ‘I expect Mrs. Daly can put me up there.’

‘I am sure she can,’ he said.

Daly went up country rapidly. He had his gun with him, and eked out his portable rations with game. He came up with the prospecting party in two weeks, and asked leave to join them in any capacity. They laughed, and elected him cook, and the Oregonian chaffingly told him that he would be happier making bigger holes than a gopher could lie in.

'Mebbe!' said Daly, 'I'm not new to it anyway.'

'We'll send you back to your wife a rich man,' said another of the party.

He fell back into his protective silence, but the marks of the gold fever were on him for all to see. His eyes shone and snapped, his cheeks were red, his mouth tight. He was badly bitten.

They straggled on over mountain country, through forests and scrub, examining outcrops, putting into practice their empirical mineralogy, questing like hungry hounds on a broken scent.

Once they thought they had made a strike. They pitched a camp and set to work like madmen. There was gold indeed, but it pinched out abruptly. They struck camp with whimsical lamentations, too familiar to be bitter, and went on.

But at last the day came when fortune smiled. It was a real strike this time; high up on the bed of a stream. They worked like beavers, Daly harder than any. At the end of a month they had cleared a nice sum, and went to work with renewed energy. It was after this that Daly took to thinking. Until now the work of getting gold had consumed all his vital energies, all his thoughts. The sun blazed down upon them, working there. It was hot, almost intolerably hot at times.

Then came a moment when the other members of the party feared for Daly's sanity. He was working beside the Oregonian when he suddenly threw down his tool, and looked up at the sky.

'This is a labourer's job, I'm thinking,' he said to his companion. 'To think of me leaving me home to do day-work like a navvy!'

'Say,' said the surprised American, 'what-all has bit you, Daly! I reckon it's a rich job.'

'It may be,' said Daly, reddening, 'it may be, but, by the powers, I've been wasting my life to come to this.'

'The bats are surely flying in your belfry, bud,' said the other slowly; 'you came out after gold, didn't you?'

Daly found it difficult to express himself. 'I did, and I didn't. Was it me would be putting in twenty years of my life to end up with a spade in the earth? No, it wasn't that was at the back of it.'

It was life I wanted, to see something that was always running from me, to put salt on the tail of the burrd, do you mind !'

The Oregonian grinned. 'Well, that's odd. What air you going to do about it ?'

Daly put on his coat, and stood up. 'I'm leaving. I'm going home. There's a bit coming to me, and I'll take that, and go.'

They tried to dissuade him, but he was adamant. His eyes were quiet now, the fever had abated. Not gold indeed had been his quest, but the pursuit of hope ; the exciting hunting of the elusive. The romantic word 'gold' had drawn him on, and now he had found gold, and it was nothing.

They gave him what stores they could spare, and his share of the precious metal, and he struck for home. It took him longer going back, though he travelled faster, hardly waiting to sleep or eat. His provisions ran low, and game was scarce or wild. He got down to one meal a day at last, when he struck a remembered landmark, and went on furiously.

His mind was now full of anxiety. What would Mary think of him ? Was she well ? Was it not possible something had happened to her ? These thoughts speeded him on, aching and tired and hungry as he was. His clothes were torn, his feet half out of his boots when he came in sight of the store and the clearing.

It was the missionary's wife who saw him first, and she went into the house, snatched up a bundle, and went out with it to him. They came back together and the bundle was in Daly's arms, and his face was alight.

'She always knew you would come back,' said the missionary's wife softly.

'So you got the cure, Daly ?' said Grant when he turned up six months later, 'I can see that.'

Daly smiled contentedly. 'Aye, you were right, Grant. But I had to take the medicine to get cured. Och, think of it ! There was I for years trapesing up and down the world looking for something I don't give two snaps of the finger for.'

'That's what life's like,' said Grant.

'And leaving—' Daly went on as if he had not heard him—'leaving me fortune behint me at home !'

JOHN HASLETTE VAHEY.

## A LAND IN THE MAKING.

ADVENT BAY,  
SPITSBERGEN, *July 22, 1921.*

ALL lands are in the making, to be sure. As Lyell patiently showed, the processes that have made the physical world what it is, and all past forces of geological time, are processes and forces that are operative to-day, and are busy making the world over into something new. Rain and running waters, frost, sun, and wind; the sea's upbuilding and the sea's destructive power; slow elevations or depressions of great sheets of land; earth foldings; all these are in action to-day, and the continuance of their present activity throughout the cycles of geological time will account for all the forms of earth's varied surface.

But geology—save, of course, to the professional geologist—is apt to be marked by other things in a civilised country. Man has been there for centuries; his presence alters the face of nature; he often seeks to oppose the operation of geological forces. Nor is that all. Where man lives, other interests, other facts, inevitably become subsidiary to the study of man.

I remember once—it was during the war; I was stationed near Canterbury, and had got a bicycle and an afternoon off, and was lying under the mound of Richborough Castle—how full realisation of the sphere of man and of all life came to me. I saw the gnats dancing over the grass, and the swifts high up in air, and the distant roofs of Deal; and had a sudden visualisation of how thin was the shell of life encircling this planet.

If the vertical height of the atmosphere were taken as a hundred miles, then on a model of the earth of seven feet in diameter it would form a layer just over an inch in thickness. But life has no such extension. Man burrows down a few thousand feet, and living things exist in the five-mile deeps of the sea. Animals and plants may climb up mountains to twenty thousand feet or so, and man ascend in his machines perhaps to six or seven miles. The total thickness of the layer of life is roughly but ten miles—a tenth part of an inch on our model; and only through three or four miles' thickness is life really abundant, only there does it form an integral and dominant part of nature. Perhaps there are other worlds with other shells of life—perhaps not. In any

event, the existence and all the main interests of man are fixed in this thin film upon the earth.

Now where much life is, there it becomes the dominant and most interesting factor of the earth's surface. It is not geological formation which gives most character to the Brazilian jungle, or the Uganda highlands, or to the pine-forest country of Canada, or even the steppes of Russia or the pastures of central England; it is the vegetation and the animals. When man comes on the scene, it is eventually man and the works of man which dominate. First he alters the ground, the vegetation, and the animals. Is it not difficult to think back and see the Sussex Weald as primeval oak forest, such as is now being felled in many parts of the United States? or to turn the Pool of London from its present state to a reedy swamp with a few savages' huts around it? The fields, the woods, the villages, the paths and roads of every civilised country—it is they, man-made, which give to it its dominant note; it is but the detail of character and type which depends upon the underlying geology.

Finally come the great modern civilisations; and the dominant note comes from the cities. The surface of the land remains between; but the bulk of interest is focussed, as by so many lenses, in the strange, artificial constructions of men's hands and the strange, artificial life which they make possible.

Geology is thus, in a country like England or France, hidden, so to speak, under three layers of alien phenomena—the layer of city civilisation, with its politics, law, science, art, finance, international commerce; the layer of country civilisation, with its pastures and arables, its roads and plantations, its villages and parks; and the layer of life other than human life—the wild plants and trees covering the soil, the wild creatures living among them.

Here in the Arctic these overlying layers are absent, or very thin. The few settlements of Spitsbergen, though one or two are permanent, can only be thought of as tributary outposts of civilisation, which economic necessity has made grow in the wilderness—places to escape from, and not to live in. In any case, they are but specks upon the land.

Country civilisation there is none. Man has not altered the face of nature at all over any wide areas. A few animals and birds are rarer than they were; otherwise all is unaltered. And the layer of life is thin. To start with, almost all of it is dormant

in winter, deep-covered under snow; the birds seek warmer wintering-places. There are no trees, no shrubs—indeed, no plants that grow more than a few inches above the ground. A considerable area of the low land, and most of the high land, is occupied throughout the year by glacier and snowfield; all peaks above fifteen hundred or two thousand feet are entirely barren, as are many cliffs and slopes lower down, and if the plants make but a poor show, animals are even less conspicuous than plants.

So it comes about that it is the geology, the land and the earth-forms themselves, which here thrust themselves first and most urgently upon the attention; and the mind, undistracted, more willingly revolves the problems of earth-building.

Further, the geology of Spitsbergen is very varied, both in its stratigraphy and its physiography; and it forces a number of fundamental problems upon the attention.

The first notable fact about Spitsbergen is the change in its surface which can be seen in the passage from east to west. North-east Land, the second largest and most easterly island of the group, is completely covered, save for a few stretches near the coast, with a veritable ice-cap. The intrepid Nordenskiöld has been the only explorer to penetrate its interior; and his party, after nearly crossing the island from north to south, and then turning to descend on the west coast, saw nothing but an endless plateau of ice and snow, rising to a height of about two thousand feet, with not a nunatak, not a fragment of rock, rising above its surface. It is in the same sort of condition as Greenland, only on a smaller scale. In West Spitsbergen, the main island, conditions are very different. Here there is no true ice-cap whatever. When Sir Martin Conway made the first crossing of Spitsbergen, he expected to rise quickly from the sea to a snow-and-ice-covered plateau which would continue across the island until near the other side of the island. Instead, he found a complicated series of valleys and mountain ranges, with isolated glacial centres in spots, and glaciers descending from these glacial centres. The splendid surveying and exploring work of Isachsen in the north-west showed that the same sort of conditions prevailed there too, only the glaciers were bigger, the mountain ranges relatively less important. The north-east corner, New Friesland and Garwood Land, was invaded too by the Russo-Swedish expedition, by Sir Martin Conway, by Staxrude; and finally the Oxford expedition's sledge-party crossed the only considerable tract that was unexplored. These



expeditions have finally banished the inland ice, in the sense of a true ice-cap, from the map of West Spitzbergen. In the north-eastern region there are great tracts of ice at elevations of two to three thousand feet above sea-level, but they do not cover the watershed, and so separate glacier systems can be distinguished. Rock ranges run roughly north and south along the plateau, and protrude through the ice; there are numerous cols connecting the great glacier systems, and so rapid is the congelation of the snow that the ice may be continuous across these cols, and crevasses are to be found on their very tops; but, as a whole, the ice-system is obviously on the decline, and has passed from the state of continuous unitary sheet to that of separate systems marked off by orographical features.

In the east, however, there is more approach to an ice sheet than in the west. In the east, the mountains barely reveal themselves, while in the west, as at Magdalena Bay or in the case of the Three Crowns above King's Bay, they may become the dominant feature in the landscape, and the general impression may become quite Alpine in place of Arctic.

This difference between east and west is due mainly to the difference in climate, the east being exposed to the cold Arctic currents, the west to the Gulf Stream water of the Atlantic current. The cold climate permits the snow to accumulate until it masks the land completely; the warmer climate exposes a quarter or more of the land surface. Further, where the land is masked it is protected; where it is exposed it is destroyed. The forces of erosion in the Arctic are prodigious. The surface of the rock is everywhere disintegrating, even on comparatively level ground; and by erosion, the exposed escarpments and plateaux are turned into true mountain peaks and bastions. Thus various stages in the formation of mountains from uplands are to be seen as the Spitsbergen archipelago is crossed from east to west.

Another interesting point about Spitsbergen geology is the fact that the north coast appears to be a persistent region of elevation. Beyond the north coast, at a very short distance, is the end of the European continental shelf, from which the sea-floor plunges steeply down to the depths of the Arctic Ocean; and probably there is some connexion between this fact and the movements that occur there. In any case, there appear to have been several upheavals in the region since the end of the secondary period.

The whole of the older strata slope down from the north until about the middle of the island, to be succeeded by the almost level block of later, Tertiary rocks covering most of the southern half, and doubtless formed from the erosion of the more northern rocks to the northward. Then again in later periods the upward motion of the land that reveals itself in raised beaches seems to have been stronger in the north, for these old shore-lines may there be found several hundred feet above the present sea-level, instead of twenty-five, fifty, or a hundred feet, as farther south.

But the most interesting problems of all are those propounded by the fossils. For instance, there have been no fewer than three periods of coal-formation in Spitzbergen: the first at the same time as our own, when the first land vertebrates were appearing; the second during the Jurassic, when the reptiles were in their heyday; and the third in the early Tertiary.

Associated with each coal-formation are fossil-bearing layers with characteristic plants. Those of the first are similar to those of our own coal measures, and indicate a tropical or sub-tropical climate; those of the second include ferns, ginkgo-trees, of which the maidenhair tree survives in Southern Japan, and cycads or sago palm, such as are found to-day only in very warm regions; finally, in the third we find a number of trees now found only in the warm temperate zones of the earth—oak, lime, hazel, walnut, and, especially characteristic, swamp-cypress and magnolia, as they exist in the Southern United States to-day.

At the present time, vegetation is of the scantiest. A form of peat is being produced, but trees of any sort, let alone magnolias or cycads, could no more exist there than could elephants or crocodiles.

What cause made it possible for such a different flora to grow on Spitzbergen at other periods of the world's history? Here we touch on what is perhaps the knottiest of all geological problems.

Many theories have been advanced. There is the ingenious theory that the amount of carbon dioxide alters cyclically. Much carbon dioxide in the atmosphere will act like the glass of a glass-house; it lets in light rays, but will not let out the heat rays into which they largely transform themselves. The temperature of the earth is thus raised, plants grow luxuriantly, but use up more and more carbon dioxide, and so initiate an alternating period of less carbon dioxide and greater cold.

Another theory will have it that the changes are due to variation

in the amount of heat given out by the sun ; the sun is supposed to be a variable star, and its variability is reflected in the earth's climates.

Nansen and Helland-Hausen have pointed out further that an increase of solar radiation could not only raise the average temperature of the whole earth, but would also decrease the differences in temperature between the equatorial and polar regions ; for it would increase the circulation of air, and more air in a given time would be transported from equator to pole, and from pole to equator, and so there would be more warm wind in high, more cool wind in low latitudes.

All these solutions, however, only seem to touch the fringe of the problem. It is impossible to believe that at any period, no matter what the condition of the sun or of the atmosphere, the climatic zones of the earth could have been absent.

If Spitsbergen has always been in the same latitude, then when it had a tropical climate, the equator must have been far hotter than to-day ; and we find no evidence of this.

There is some evidence to show that during the carboniferous period the coal measures were laid down in a zone which was not the same as, or even parallel with, the equatorial zone of to-day. If this be really so, the only explanation is that the equator of the carboniferous period was in a different position relative to the continents from where it is now.

This result in its turn could be explained either by a shifting of the axis of rotation of the earth, or else, as in the adventurous theory of Wegener, by the movement of the continents relative to the poles.

Wegener supposes that the continents are floating like flocs in the more fluid magma of the earth, which is only slightly crusted over, and that, like flocs in such a viscous medium, they can and do move slowly from place to place, mountains being formed where they press against each other or where they meet with resistance, seas appearing when they split in two and one half sticks, the other moves slowly on. Further, by their motion the centre of gravity of the earth could be altered, and so the axis of rotation be changed.

On this theory, each portion of the land surface has been in many different latitudes during geological time, and it should be possible to construct a graph to show its movements towards and away from the poles in the course of time.

It should at least be possible as geology advances to collect

data showing to what succession of climates each portion of the land has been exposed—coal indicates tropical or sub-tropical conditions, red sandstone is the badge of desert conditions, ice-scratches and erratic boulders the marks of a glacial age—and so to test this hypothesis.

If this theory be sound, we may see in the liberation of Spitsbergen from glacial conditions, not merely the general retreat of the ice-cap, but a movement of Spitsbergen out of the area where heaviest glaciation is possible. The release of the underlying rocks from their covering of ice, their rapid disintegration, the hollowing out of corries and torrent-valleys, the deposition of mud where the glaciers and streams enter the sea—all this would be but the prelude to the passage into a warmer climate, the preparation of the soil for a luxuriant growth, and, in some tens of thousands of years, the topography which ice and frost and water are carving out of the island massif might become the familiar habitation of men.

JULIAN HUXLEY.



TEMPLE BAR—Period 1836.

From a drawing by H. K. Roake

## THE GATE OF EDUCATION

is often closed to a child by the untimely death of a parent, or, alternatively, its entrance to the full enjoyment of knowledge becomes to the surviving parent an arduous and anxious duty. Is it not worth while, therefore, so to provide that the expenses of education shall fall lightly upon the parents in the early years of the child's life, and the full benefits be *guaranteed to the child in any event* when it attains the age of instruction?

## A PARENT'S PLAN FOR PROVIDING THE EXPENSES OF EDUCATION

- Q. Regular payment of moderate sums annually, half-yearly or quarterly, by the parent from an early age of the child secures the provision of a fund of, say, £300 or £500, receivable in half-yearly instalments of £50 for 3 or 5 years during the age of instruction, *e.g.*, ages 15, 16, 17 to 19, or as may be required.
- Q. The parent's death does not invalidate the contract. On the contrary, that contingency is adequately guarded against, for the full capital sum can then be claimed immediately, or interest on it be drawn until the educational period commences, when the guaranteed income begins.
- Q. No financial loss follows the death of the child. The contract is still applicable to another child, or the benefits can be utilised by either parent.
- Q. Rebate of Income-Tax is a valuable privilege, considerably reducing the cost.

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## A SNAKE-HUNT.

IF you were to question the average European living in India regarding the claims put forward by the Indian snake-charmer to be also a snake-catcher, you would find the general impression to be that none of these men really possess any power of attracting untamed snakes, and that the whole performance as usually exhibited is a 'fake.' Such, at any rate, is the opinion of one who has lived for some years in various parts of India regarding the abilities in this direction displayed by the ordinary itinerant snake-charmer, with his stock-in-trade of a couple of baskets of cobras, a half-dead mongoose, and a native pipe. The 'first enemy of mankind' has a certain fascination for most people, and the snake-charmer's ordinary performance rarely fails to draw. He is an enterprising vagabond, and you may hear the drone of his pipe beneath your hotel verandah in almost any Eastern port. No Indian exhibition in London is complete without him, and on his way to and fro he will tour Egypt and the Mediterranean: his cobras sway as rhythmically in Earl's Court, or in the barracks in Gibraltar, as outside the 'Taj' in Agra.

It is seldom, therefore, that the snake-charmer is called upon for his extra turn of snake-catching. Occasionally, however, a snake-charmer will let it be known that he will clear garden and compound of dangerous snakes if the master of the house will deign to fix a time and date. At the appointed time the snake-charmer appears with his baskets and his pipe and proceeds to perambulate the grounds, playing on his pipe as he goes. Suddenly, he darts forward to some bush or tuft of grass, and, lo and behold, a writhing cobra, held triumphantly at arm's length! The cobra is not killed, but is placed within a basket and there imprisoned to be 'tamed' later on. Sometimes this completes the performance, sometimes there is a repetition and another cobra is added to the bag. The man is paid and retires with his catch, but it is very doubtful whether the garden has lost any of its regular inhabitants. The performer always appears to demand due notice before giving his exhibition, and the snakes are haled from dark hiding-places where no snake has ever been seen before, so the suspicion remains that the snakes are either tame, stupefied ones that have been previously placed in position by the performer or an accomplice,

or that the snakes have been concealed all the time about the snake-charmer's person. These suspicions are strengthened by the number of cases of failure where any restrictions have been placed on the performer, such as a threat of search, or the giving of a short notice.

As the snake-charmer's ability to recruit members for his troupe appears at the best to be doubtful, one may wonder how the supply of snakes is kept up. No doubt many are caught alive after being dug out of their holes, for we must acknowledge that the snake-charmer is very skilful in handling dangerous snakes, whatever we may think of his power of attracting them.

It was my fortune a few years ago to happen on yet another source of supply, though probably an unusual one, and to receive an almost convincing demonstration that it is possible that some human beings do possess a mastery over the serpent tribe, however unlikely it may seem.

During a visit to a friend living in one of the large cities of Upper India, I was informed by my host that he was to receive, next morning, a call from a native gentleman who had volunteered to rid the garden of a cobra that had been an object of fear to the house and garden servants for some time. I was further informed that the gentleman in question was a Mohammedan and a member of the old nobility of the city, that he had an assured reputation as a skilful finder of snakes, and that he gave his services free.

It was therefore with considerable interest that next morning I observed the punctual arrival of this gentleman, who was addressed, and referred to, by the servants as the Nawab Sahib. He was a good-looking man of about forty, and was dressed in a plain white coat and baggy white trousers. On his feet he wore thin white pumps, while his head was adorned with a diminutive white muslin cap.

After introductions to a neighbour of my host and to myself had been effected, a move was made towards a rockery surrounding the roots of a large tree near which the servants had declared that a cobra had often been seen. Arrived at the tree, the Nawab moved forward a few paces and, with a finger closing one ear, appeared to listen intently with the other. After a few moments, he turned and declared that there was now no snake in the rockery, and he asked permission to make a tour of the garden to see if he could locate the snake in any other place. The party, including a following of the more influential servants, then proceeded at a slow pace to visit all the most likely hiding-places in the grounds.



They were all drawn blank, though at one spot, where several bundles of brushwood were lying, the Nawab remarked that he felt that a snake, and a venomous one, had been there quite recently.

His procedure at each place visited was the same. He moved a few paces at a time while the rest of the party remained halted, and at each step he appeared to examine the ground in his vicinity, but with no very great intentness. There was no display of any kind; no muttered incantations, and no mysterious passes; in fact, nothing to denote that this was not an ordinary morning stroll, except the listening attitude with one ear closed that the Nawab adopted at each halting-place.

The Nawab at length expressed disappointment at having failed to locate a snake, and attributed his failure to the great heat. Hot it certainly was, though it was only a few minutes past eight o'clock; but as it was towards the end of June and before the rains, no one who has ever experienced the heat of the plains of India at that time of year will feel surprise that even a snake should show reluctance to leave his hiding-place.

As there appeared to be no hope of any adventure, a move was made to the house, and while we quenched an already respectable thirst with something long and cool, we questioned the Nawab regarding the powers that he claimed to possess.

'How did you acquire the knowledge that you were endowed with the power of attracting snakes, and how did you learn to use it?' asked my host.

'When a lad,' said the Nawab, 'I travelled to Lhassa in Tibet and lived there for some years. It became known to me that many people there possessed the power of attracting snakes, and I set myself to learn. I cannot explain what the power is, but I know instinctively when I am near a snake, and I know that my presence is felt by the snake in some way, because it always comes out of hiding sooner or later in an attempt to escape from the neighbourhood.'

'Could you teach anybody how to exert this influence?' I asked.

'I think that any person could learn,' the Nawab replied, 'but it is no trick, and is a matter of practice in concentration of mind. I know of one gentleman who was anxious to learn, but he gave up after trying without success for some little time. He had not the patience to continue. It is wrong to say that I attract snakes.'

That does not happen ; but my presence disturbs and frightens them, so that they are compelled to move to escape from it, and thus they expose themselves.'

Our colloquy was interrupted by the entrance of the head chuprassi, who brought us the information that a cobra had been seen on several occasions lately behind the house in the next compound.

As the prospects of a find seemed to be sufficiently remote, the Nawab offered to go alone with the servants to make a preliminary examination of the ground, and, if by any chance a snake was located, we would be fetched before any attempt was made to catch the snake.

After a few minutes the Nawab returned with the news that he was positive that at least one snake was hidden in an old fernery at the back of the neighbouring house, and he hoped that we would accompany him to the spot, when he would try to make the snake come out. He also asked that an order might be given that the large crowd of servants and their families that had by now collected was to stand far back. The order was given and the multitude was induced to retire to a respectful distance from the scene of operations. The Nawab then asked for some rice : this was soon produced, and he took a handful.

We were placed by the Nawab in position round the fernery, with instructions to watch the ground in front of us for any sign of movement in the grass and weeds, while the Nawab himself moved slowly among the bushes which had grown up in the deserted rockeries. As the Nawab moved forward he occasionally tapped on the stones with his stick, and scattered a few of the grains of rice that he held in his hand.

Five and then ten minutes passed and nothing was seen to move, and we were inclined to think that we had again drawn blank, though the Nawab frequently assured us that he could feel that there was at least one snake in the vicinity. Our hopes were raised by the discovery of what appeared to be the recently cast skin of a snake of considerable size.

Suddenly the Nawab beckoned us to him, and pointed to a spot a few feet in front of him, where a length of black and wriggling snake was visible through the bushes. With a brisk step forward, the Nawab stooped down and seized the snake by the tail, disclosing to view a fine cobra, some five feet in length. So long was the snake that it seemed impossible that the Nawab could carry it, even at

arm's length, without great danger of being bitten as the cobra swayed to and fro ; but a cobra lifted by the tail cannot raise more than a third of its length to a horizontal position, and the Nawab seemed to have no fear whatever.

As soon as we had reached the open space beside the fernery, the Nawab threw the cobra to the ground, and dexterously laying a stick across its neck before the snake could move, he seized it behind its head with his right hand. He then called for a piece of cloth, and a duster was handed to him. The duster was presented at the snake, which immediately bit at it. Instantaneously, with a movement of his fingers, the Nawab held the snake's teeth closed on the cloth, while with his left hand he pulled with all his might to force the duster from its mouth ; the object of this, we were told, being to break the snake's fangs. The force required to do this was evidently considerable, but at last the duster was forced out. It was again presented at the snake, which again bit at it, and this time the duster was pulled from the cobra's mouth without resistance, though its jaws were pressed together as before. Satisfied that the deadly fangs had been destroyed, and that the snake was now disarmed, the Nawab threw the snake on the ground and called for an earthen pitcher in which to imprison it.

The snake seemed at first almost completely dazed, but recovered sufficiently in a short time to raise its head and a good third of its body, and to strike at the pitcher when the latter was brought near it. As the cobra rose it extended its hood to a breadth of quite four inches, exposing to view the yellow spectacle-shaped marking on the back of the hood, which with the hood itself is such a distinguishing characteristic of the species.

Although the cobra was quite five feet long, it appeared unable to raise its head more than two feet, and as it delivered its blow when some twelve inches from the pitcher, and as the blow was delivered in a downward direction, the point of impact was not more than a foot from the ground. The blows were delivered with the utmost savagery, and regardless of the fact that the force of the blow on the hard surface of the pitcher must have been intensely painful—if a snake is capable of feeling pain—the blows were repeated again and again as the pitcher was moved nearer, while the cobra slowly retreated with its face to the foe. The head and neck were drawn back as far as possible, and then were swung forward with lightning rapidity, as a miner sways his pick.

So venomous were the blows, that one was inclined to flinch instinctively as each stroke fell.

After thus exhibiting the cobra's methods of attack for a few minutes, the Nawab deftly seized it by the tail, and guiding the head into the mouth of the pitcher, dropped the snake in, and closed the mouth of the pitcher with a cloth.

Cobras are generally found in pairs, and the Nawab gave it as his opinion that the mate of the one captured was sure to be somewhere close by. We therefore determined to wait a short time to see if the second cobra would also be forced to show itself. We took up our stations as before, and the Nawab again moved about the fernery. A quarter of an hour elapsed, and nothing stirred; the sun was beating down on us like a furnace, and we were about to give up the hunt in despair, as the Nawab admitted that in such great heat it was very difficult to get a snake to move into the open, when, looking down at my feet, my eye caught a movement in the dry grass beside the masonry on which I was standing. I beckoned to the Nawab and to the others, while I followed the course of what was evidently the second cobra as it glided between the grass and weeds. It was slowly disappearing from view between some rocks when the Nawab came up. Parting the bushes with a stick and thus uncovering the last eighteen inches or so of the snake's tail, he stooped down and seized the end with one hand while with the other he held the crook of his stick across the cleft in the rocks into which an unknown length of cobra had already proceeded. It required a severe tug to draw the snake from its refuge, and it was as well that the stick was handy to check the rebound as the snake's resistance was suddenly overcome.

The second cobra was considerably smaller than the first, and did not measure more than three feet, but it displayed much greater activity and had to be held down much more firmly while the process of removing its fangs was being undertaken, and after this operation was completed it made such determined efforts to escape that it had to be imprisoned with its mate as soon as possible.

In replies to questions regarding the ultimate fate of the cobras, the Nawab told us that he had a clientele among the professional snake-charmers, who being mostly beggars and poor men were glad to obtain additions to their stocks of cobras without having to buy them, and without having to run the risks connected with their capture. The Nawab informed us that although he was accustomed to give away the snakes that he caught to those who

were poor, he occasionally sold some to museums or to private collectors of wild animals.

After a short stay for liquid refreshment, the Nawab made a ceremonial farewell, and departed with his pitcherful of snakes.

As soon as the Nawab, seated in triumph in the box-on-wheels called a 'tikka gharri,' that takes the place of the English growler, had disappeared round the corner of the drive, a discussion arose whether the display that we had witnessed was genuine or not. It was admitted by all that by allowing the man to leave our sight we had given him the opportunity of secreting in the fernery the two snakes that were subsequently found; but what guarantee could he have had that such lively snakes as these obviously were would stay anywhere where put, especially in strange surroundings? The servants who had accompanied the Nawab assured us that they had watched him closely, and that he could not have placed any snakes in the fernery without being observed to do so. Of course, it was possible that the snakes had been placed there by an accomplice, and that the Nawab had induced the servants to lead him to the spot unconsciously. But what could be the object of this deceit? The Nawab never accepted any reward for his services, though always ready to place them at the disposal of any one with whom he was made acquainted.

I have never seen the Nawab since the date of the snake hunt that I have described, but I have heard that he was even more successful at a séance carried out under closer supervision than was given him by us, and where the place of search was not revealed to him until the last moment.

The Nawab did not claim to be totally immune from the consequences of snake bite, and I have been told that he was bitten by a snake a couple of years ago, and that although he did not die, he was ill for some time afterwards.

W. B. S.

## BALAUSTION AND MRS. BROWNING.

MESSRS. Griffin and Minchin, in their 'Life of Browning' (p. 245), say 'As the invocation, "O Lyric Love," expressly connects "The Ring and the Book" with his wife's memory, so is her name bound up with this transcript from Euripides, the poet whom she loved and hailed as pre-eminently human.'

This refers to the passage, written in Browning's own name, near the end of 'Balaustion's Adventure' (11, 2735-9),

'I know the poetess who graved in gold  
Among her glories that shall never fade,  
This style and title for Euripides,  
The Human with his droppings of warm tears.'

The last line is quoted from Mrs. Browning's 'Wine of Cyprus.'

That is all, I think, that the authors of the 'Life' say on the subject. They do not suggest any closer relation between Browning's 'Balaustion' and his wife, nor, so far as I am aware, do any of the other writers on Browning. If there had been any, it is perhaps reasonable to suppose that Mr. Griffin, or Mr. Minchin, or Mrs. Sutherland Orr, or Dr. Dowden, or Mr. Stopford Brooke, or someone else, would have pointed it out.

Yet is there not more? Is there not some suggestion, and even some proof, of a closer relation of the 'Balaustion' poems with his wife's memory than that which they share with 'The Ring and the Book,' and indeed with many other poems? In the invocation, 'O Lyric Love,' he says that he may never commence his song without beseeching some help from her, and in point of fact almost everything he wrote from the time of their marriage to the end of his life (i.e. more than half his poetry) was dedicated or addressed in some way to her.

But in the two 'Adventures of Balaustion' is there not good reason to think that the poet has, in Balaustion herself, consciously and intentionally drawn an idealised portrait of his wife? That he has is suggested by a number of resemblances, no one of which, if it stood alone, would perhaps be decisive. Their cumulative effect, however, seems to me almost irresistible.

1. Balaustion is a woman of great and noble character, of high

intellectual qualities, of insight, eloquence, dignity, and poetic genius. She is educated, accomplished, learned, and able to meet in discussion on equal terms the most gifted men of her time. She hates what is coarse, brutal, or cruel, and is full of sympathy with the wronged and love of the best. She is familiar with the literature of Athens at its greatest period, familiar with it from her childhood, and an enthusiastic lover of it, helping with all her heart to spread the knowledge and appreciation of it.

Mrs. Browning was of equal genius and of the same noble and generous spirit, and almost as Greek as Balaustion. At six years old she read 'Homer' in the original, holding her book in one hand and her doll in the other. When she was eleven or twelve her father had her poem on the 'Battle of Marathon' printed. As a child she called her own flower-bed in the garden 'Hector, son of Priam,' and made his eyes, his helmet, his belt and breast-plate of different flowers, as she tells in her poem, 'Hector in the Garden.' She dreamed more of Agamemnon than of her pony. She 'performed pagan rites to the grey-eyed Athene with a pinafore load of sticks and a match from the housemaid's cupboard.' She 'ate and drank' Greek. When she grew up she published translations from Aeschylus and Anacreon.

2. We have a glimpse of Balaustion's childhood to match that of Elizabeth Barrett.

On the south-eastern fringe of

'the sprinkled isles,

Lily on lily, that o'erlace the sea

And laugh their pride when the light wave lisps "Greece,"

lies the island which is named after the rose, Rhodes. In ancient times, before the famous Colossus was built, the island had three towns. One of these was Kameiros, and there some twenty-three and a half centuries ago Balaustion was born. We do not know what her father's name was, or her mother's. All we know of her family is that her mother was an Athenian, or at least that she was born beside the Ilissus, a stream which runs through Attica. We do not even know her real name, for the name Balaustion was not given her till she was grown up. The earliest glimpse we have of her is in a story which she told to Aristophanes on the night of her memorable discussion with him.

She said that once in Rhodes the people were appalled by the appearance on their coast of a prodigious sea-monster. Those who



ventured to glance through some opening in the hills could only say they had seen scales like a snake's, and limbs formed like those of a lizard. It made whirlpools as it swam, tossing the brine into fury in its anger or sport. The priests declared it to be Typhon, the dragon with a hundred heads, the father of all the dreadful tempests that bring ruin to mortals. They said the monster, whom Zeus had chained under Mount Etna, had broken loose, and was no way appeasable unless perchance by the sacrifice of a virgin.

'Thus grew the terror and o'erhung the doom  
Until one eve a certain female child  
Strayed in safe ignorance to sea-coast edge,  
And there sat down and sang to please herself.  
When all at once, large looming from the wave,  
Out leaned, chin hand-propped, pensive on the ledge,  
A sea-worn face, sad as mortality,  
Divine with yearning after fellowship.'

The little girl felt no fear, only sympathy with the poor lonely sea-god, who disappeared harmlessly beneath the sea.

When we see her again she is fifteen and grown up. She sits in Athens one spring evening,

'Under the grape-vines, by the streamlet's side,'

close to the Temple of Bacchus, with four girl friends, and tells them the story of her 'Adventure': how at Syracuse she had saved the lives and liberty of herself and her fellow-passengers in the Rhodian ship by reciting the 'Alkestis' of Euripides. Telling the story, she offers to recite the play also. 'There is no word of it,' she says, 'but is grown part of my soul.' As she tells it she describes the action of the piece as she saw it and understood it. Among her audience at Syracuse was a young man, Euthucles.<sup>1</sup> He came to Athens with her. They are to be married next month.

As soon as the ship reached Athens Balaustion went to visit Euripides. She held his sacred hand, and laid it to her lips—as one may imagine Mrs. Browning would have done. He was by this time an old man, and out of favour with the fickle Athenians. She told him her great 'Adventure.' He said the story in which Herakles delivers Alkestis from death should not end with the pardon of Admetus. He told her he had written another story of Herakles, and when they parted he gave it to her, written by his

<sup>1</sup> In Euthucles Browning has adopted the Man of Phocis in Plutarch's *Life of Lysander: Aristophanes' Apology*, line 3878 seq.



own hand. Then, in Anthesterion month, the Month of Flowers, she was married to her lover, who, like Browning, as soon as he knew Miss Barrett, had known his own mind and not taken long to make it up.

When we see Balaustion next it is six years later. Athens has been besieged and taken, and the Spartan conqueror has ordered that the Long Walls should be thrown down. Balaustion and Euthucles cannot bear to stay and see it done. By chance they find in port the very ship Balaustion had saved at Syracuse, with the same captain. She is bound for Rhodes, and they take passage in her. It is in the cool nights at sea, as they sail the 300 miles over the Aegean to Rhodes, that Balaustion makes her husband write down the story of that night when Aristophanes visited their house, and she refuted his attack on Euripides by reading to him the 'Herakles.'

We see no more of the wonderful Greek girl with the warm golden eyes and coal-black hair. She is only twenty-two when she and her husband pass from our sight on their voyage across the sea of the sprinkled isles, to where

'Rose-smit earth will rise

Breast-high thence, some bright morning, and be Rhodes.'

3. Balaustion and Euthucles, her husband, spent the first few years of their married life in a city in which they were both foreigners, and which was pre-eminently identified with art and literature and beauty. During their residence in it, it was assailed, conquered, and humiliated by a comparatively barbarous neighbour, and after Athens fell under Lysander, they left it for the island of Balaustion's birth.

Observe the parallel. Florence and Italy were to the Brownings what Athens was to Balaustion and her husband. The newly married Mrs. Browning and her husband lived, in happy exile from her native island, in Florence when Italy fell under Austria, as Balaustion and Euthucles in Athens when Athens fell under Lysander. The Brownings married and went to Italy in 1846, and remained till 1851. While they were there Italy was in revolution for three years. In March 1849 the Austrians entered Florence. Then there was the fall of Brescia, the evacuation of Rome by Garibaldi, the white terror in Rome on July 15, and the surrender of Venice, and the Austrian triumph, in August of the same year. The sympathy of the Brownings for Italy is a matter of history.

'Open my heart,' says Browning, 'and you will see  
Graved inside of it Italy.' (*De Gustibus* [1855].)

'Athenai, live thou hearted in my heart,' cries Balaustion.  
(*Ar. Ap.* 4.)

Balaustion's lament for Athens might be Mrs. Browning's lament for Italy.

4. Balaustion uses on occasion Mrs. Browning's very words, as in *B. A.* 2478, Euripides 'the Human with his droppings of warm tears,' and again *Ar. Ap.* 3902-4:

'our poet first  
Dared bring the grandeur of the Tragic Two  
Down to the level of our common life,  
Close to the beating of our common heart.'

Mrs. Browning had written ('Wine of Cyprus,' 12):

'Our Euripides . . . with . . .  
. . . his touches of things common.'

5. Balaustion is born in the Island of the Rose. That is the birthplace Browning chooses for her. And England, the birthplace of Mrs. Browning, is also the Island of the Rose. The rose is its well-known symbol, and if England is not exactly an island for the geographer, it is so for the poet. For Shakespeare it is 'the island of England,'

'This precious gem set in a silver sea.' (*Hen. V.*)

And Tennyson writes of it:

'Should this old England fall  
Which Nelson left so great.  
His isle, the mightiest Ocean-power on earth,  
Our own fair isle.'

(*The Fleet.*)

6. The word Balaustion means, as we know from Browning himself, wild pomegranate flower. Why did he call this girl so?

Browning's first acquaintance with Elizabeth Barrett was made in consequence of his reading her poem 'Lady Geraldine's Courtship,' in which (v. 41) she compares his poetry to the pomegranate. She says,

'From Browning some pomegranate which if cut deep down the  
middle  
Shows a heart within blood-tinctured of a veined humanity.'

Browning had published several volumes, which had met chiefly rather contemptuous condemnation where they had found any notice at all. Here was, as it were, a kind little hand held out to him, and Browning, who had never seen her, wrote to her then the first letter of their memorable correspondence. Can we think that the long-neglected poet ever forgot or ceased to cherish in his memory the very words in which appreciation first came to him from the gentle poetess? In choosing his name for the Greek girl who is so like her has not he seemed to please himself by marking their identity thus?

7. We know from many a passage what Browning's wife continued to be to him all his life. The Balaustion poems are written some years after her death. When we recall his invocation to his dead wife in the first part of 'The Ring and the Book,' must we not well imagine Mrs. Browning as saying for her part the words of Balaustion, when she makes Proserpine speak of the dead Alkestis as still living on in her husband?

8. If Balaustion, then, is Mrs. Browning, is Euthucles Mr. Browning? In these two poems Euthucles is a subordinate personage and rather in the background. As regards Mr. and Mrs. Browning most people would now probably reverse the position. But not all perhaps. And it may be recalled that when Wordsworth died the *Athenæum* urged that Mrs. (not Mr.) Browning should be the next Poet Laureate. But it is Browning's view that we must look for in the poems. He thought her his superior. 'You are wrong, quite wrong, about us,' he once said. 'She has genius, I am but a painstaking fellow.' He described himself as one 'who plots and plans, and tries to build up something—he wants to make you see it as he sees it—shows you one point of view, carries you off to another, hammering into your head the thing he wants you to understand; and whilst this bother is going on God Almighty turns you off a little star—that's the difference between us. The true creative power is hers, not mine.' Euthucles is to Balaustion as Browning is to Mrs. Browning—in Browning's sincere estimation, and it is that which we are dealing with here.

9. It was not in private, or in ordinary social intercourse, that these husbands and wives met for the first time. It was in her published poetry that Browning made acquaintance with Miss Barrett; it was in her public recitations from the topmost step of the suburb temple that Euthucles made acquaintance with Balaustion. We may presume that Balaustion found Euthucles

already a lover of Euripides, or he might not have gone to hear her recite the 'Alkestis.' But we may believe that, if he was, he became even more so through her companionship. Browning's biographers say that his wife's fondness for Euripides probably impelled him to a thorough study of the poet, and the lines near the end of his introduction to his translation of the 'Alkestis,'

'Tis the poet speaks :  
But if I, too, should try and speak at times,  
Leading your love to where my love, perchance,  
Climbed earlier, found a nest before you knew—'  
(*G. and M.* 229.)

spoken by Balaustion, might be Mrs. Browning to her husband.

Browning indeed was a Greek scholar from his youth, but had turned his thoughts to other studies. He published nothing connected with Greek, except the scrap '*Artemis Prologizes*,' till after he knew and married Elizabeth Barrett, and Balaustion says that it was after 'all that happened on those temple steps' that Euthucles 'companied me,' and

'Would marry me and turn Athenian too.'  
(*A. A.* 210.)

May we not think, then, that Balaustion is a re-creation of Browning's wife, or rather a prototype of her, imagined twenty-three centuries back in Greece which she loved so much and in which her spirit lived so intensely? Elizabeth Barrett, as Browning knew her, had neither Balaustion's youth, nor health, nor majesty of form. Nathaniel Hawthorne found her 'a pale, small person, scarcely embodied at all.' (*G. and M.* 229.) She was older than her husband, of feeble body and fragile health, and I suppose she was not what would be generally called beautiful.

But her husband saw her transfigured by the soul within. She had Balaustion's noble, eager, generous spirit, her love for Athens and for Euripides. To Browning she was the

'Lyric love, half angel and half bird,'  
of his dedication in 'The Ring and the Book,'

'all a wonder and a wild desire.  
Boldest of hearts that ever braved the sun, . . .  
Yet human.'

Does it not describe the Balaustion of whom we have been reading ? Balaustion is young, and Elizabeth Barrett was thirty-nine when Browning first met her. But it is natural that in imagination he should like to make her his own from her girlhood.

I suppose many have rather regretted the publication of the Browning 'Love Letters,' though it was done after the writers were dead. Have we not here, in 'Balaustion's Adventure' and 'Aristophanes' Apology,' Browning's love-story idealised, translated into a form in which he was willing to give it to the world, as his wife had given hers in the 'Sonnets from the Portuguese' ? Here we can study it without indecent curiosity, missing nothing of the essential, seeing the essential indeed more clearly—Mrs. Browning in Balaustion, somewhat as Browning saw her and would have wished us all to see her ; and, in Euthucles, Browning's modest picture of himself in relation to his wife—only a painstaking fellow. The Euthucles of the poem was also a singer, but he is only in the background of the picture. If we should place them differently, Browning certainly did not.

ANDREW MARSHALL.

## GRÁINEOG.

THE grey ancient tower stood up from a green lough of bracken against the heather of the hill, and Aídeen, fairest maid in Connacht, thought she dwelt there her lone. The leprechaun knew to the contrary, for he had his lodging snug in a secret nook, moreover Gráineog the hedgehog had a nest under the thresholdstone. The kindest little fellow was Gráineog, and his whole element was other people's business, so that he never troubled to mind his own.

'Sure when I've had enough of them, can't I curl, the way to have no unpleasantness?' said he, 'what are the pricks for else?'

The leprechaun was oftener on his travels than in any other place, for he and his like are the mischief-brewers in Ireland to this hour. Where their stills are there's no telling, but the six brews of glamour, laughter, ill-luck, anger, memory, and madness flow from them into sod and winds and waters, till the isle fevers in unrest, and the leprechauns are greatly pleased.

'Something's hammering away at a wonderful rate there, maybe I'd be well to look into it,' said Gráineog one fine morning, and he found the leprechaun cooing at an army of wee casks with a hammer that sang a tricky song.

'What's the news, *ceilidh* (gossip)?' said the hedgehog, and the leprechaun told him,

'That Aídeen has come to our tower.'

'Who will she be?' said Gráineog.

'King's daughter is she, but her father drank drink of our brewing, and cast out the infant-child to perish. Now she is full-grown and the blossom of beauty, but so proud that she would have the trees bow as she goes by!' The leprechaun laughed, and his laugh was a thin tick-a-tack like his hammer.

'And how will she maintain herself, the creature?' asked Gráineog.

'She spins and weaves, and has woven a covering for Caroll the prince's bed of which the peel (like) is not in Ireland. To-night he is sleeping under it for the first time, and dreaming of Aídeen's unseen beauty, till he is fit to hunt the world with hounds to find her. 'Twas myself sprinkled the covering with the dreams that haunt and lure!' said the leprechaun.

'The great match it would be for her!' said Gráineog. 'Sure

I ought to be looking for snails this minute if I'm to fatten up at all against the winter, but what's fat to a good deed ? ' he said, and with that he bustled off *magh go bragh* with himself.

It was under a covering of mackerel blues and greens and lights of rosy pearl that Caroll the prince lay in dreams, and he had scarce put the sleep off him ere he sent for his druid.

'The top of the morning to ye, Father !' he said. 'Tell me now out of the wisdom of your years where will I be finding a woman young as spring and fair as summer, with the redgold of autumn on her curls and the white snow of winter on her shoulders ?'

But the druid smiled and made answer :

'Long life to ye, O Caroll. Sure a woman's beauty is in a man's eyes, and mine never saw any in one of them. Let ye choose among the girls in the sunny parlours, and she who pleases ye will be all that ye find fair !'

'Old and cold rhyme, druid !' said Caroll, and let send for his champions, and—

'Tell me, O comrades,' said he, 'where will I find a woman gay as spring and sweet as summer, with the brown of autumn in her eyes and the magic of winter in her bearing ?'

'Long life to ye, O Caroll, if one of us knew, that would be his secret !' laughed the champions.

'Youth and "Mine" are reason, if not rhyme !' sighed the prince, and betook himself to the sunny parlours.

'Tell me, girls dear, old and young,' said he, 'where will I find a woman with the tears and smiles of spring and the kisses of summer, with the wealth of autumn in her promise and the kingliness of winter in her pride ?'

But the women put up mocking lips.

'Long life to ye, O Caroll,' they said, 'as to the "where" we can't inform ye, but as to the "when," 'twill be apt to be on Tibb's Eve, and that's neither before nor after Christmas !'

'Troth, there's as much comfort in friends as there's honey in gallnuts !' said Caroll, and took off in a huff to the forest, with none but his own shadow for company. And as he went, thinking of his dreams and his desire, there was a wee scuffling among the dry leaves in his path, and what should he see but a hedgehog gambolling at his feet like a spaniel-dog. Then fleet as the wind it ran from him, and looking back and whining for all the world like any Christian it was, so that the little dark grey fellow had the prince fairly beguiled into following it.

' Oftener a wise head and a good heart travel on four legs nor on two ! ' said Caroll, and kept on after him. So the pair of them travelled the wood till sundown, and out on the hill they came, and Proud Aideen walking in the rose of the west. Then virgin maid and virgin man thus encountered looked on one another, and at the first look they loved.

' Then they'd never have come together but for Gráineog ! ' said Gráineog. ' Snails or none, 'tis the good day's work I've got over me ! '

' Are ye sure of that ? ' said the leprechaun, and his voice made the other curl for the fright it put on him. But peeping out through his prickly hedge, he beheld Aideen put her hand into Caroll's hand and go with him, and at that he took heart.

' If I wasn't in dread ye'd play them a trick, leprechaun ! ' said he, and the leprechaun laughed tick-a-tack.

' There's no need of that ! ' he said, and fell to at his hammering.

So Caroll brought his bride home, and the champions were bewildered before her beauty, and the women scorned her for her empty hands. But Aideen cared less than nothing for any of them, and prouder than ever she grew, till she was fit to have the chair kneel to her to sit in it and the rushes she trod on kiss her feet. Thus it went on till the season of the King's Weaving came round, and the women came to her and she playing with a ball of silver on a sunny lawn.

' Aideen queen, ' said they, ' know that it is custom to send webs of fine linen and fair hangings to Tara at this time. And since yourself once gained your bread at such industering, Ireland's King has a right to expect the best weaving ever he saw from us nowadays. '

But Proud Aideen went on with her ball-playing.

' No weaving will go to Tara from Caroll's sept while I am queen ! ' she said, and swift as swallow fleeted and curved and caught her ball. Nothing else at all could the women win from her, nor so much as the key of the storehouse of flax and wool and silk from the purse at her girdle. So in great disorder they ran among the champions, and told them that Aideen would have them destroyed with her pride, and some of the men were for war and others for peace, so that there was great fighting among them. But the weight of the folk being for peace, their faction broke the heads of all opposing them, and Caroll himself was fain to seek out Aideen and bid her have behaviour.



'Sure 'tishn't yourself would lose the kingdom on me, mavourneen!' he said; 'and let ye get to the looms and show the world and all how to do it, and that Aideen has it over the spiders in skill as she has it over the flowers in bloom!'

(For himself knew that butter isn't in it with the soft word when it comes to arguing over woman, or man either!)

Yet Aideen was petrified with pride and had no ears for him and bridling the white neck of her, she said,

'O Caroll king, let ye choose between Aideen and the kingdom, for 'tis not I will have my husband second to any King in Tara, and 'tis not I will turn like a weathercock at the breath of my subject people!' And with that she rose up and out of the fort and away through the forest, nor did she so much as throw e'er a look over the shoulder, for well she knew she took Caroll's heart with her.

'Where a man's heart goes, himself will follow through bog and briers, and not wind nor wave will drive him back!' said she, stepping proud through the blue and green summer weather. Towards the old tower she went, and her ears set sharp for Caroll's step behind, till at last she came by a stream crystal clear over silver sand, and saw her own beauty glassed in it. Then in the pride of her white self she took the jewelled golden mind from her hair, and cast off her silvery fringed mantle of purple and her green silken robe with its redgold clasps and stitcheries, and the barest and fairest woman in Ireland went down into the singing water and lay lulled within its summer coolth.

It was that same hour that the leprechaun came riding his goat home from one of his puckish pilgrimages, and in high good humour he was, for he had the whole universe of the neighbourhood striving and crying like a bag of weasels. Coming to the tower he met Gráineog serenading out on his evening stroll, and the little grey fellow would have all the news out of him.

'Faith, there's little enough,' said the leprechaun for luck. 'In the east there is a strange sickness and man and mouse are dead ere they have time to say so.'

'Worrastrue, and what's the wherefore?' said Gráineog.

'There's the wherefore!' said the leprechaun, pointing at one of his casks. 'In the west are two brothers fighting for the kingdom, two women fighting for one man, two priests fighting for one god, and the fairyfolk out with bird and beast and bee!'

'*Mo chuma*, and what's the wherefore?' said Gráineog.

'There's the wherefore!' said the leprechaun, pointing at another of his casks. 'In the north 'tis themselves against the world, and the south is matched against rhyme and reason, and Proud Aideen has been chased from Caroll's court, and 'tis yourself will hinder him from finding her again!' said he, and flirted the last drops from the last of the casks over Gráineog.

'May I never set tooth in viperflesh<sup>1</sup> more if I don't persuade ye ye're the liar ye are!' squealed Gráineog hedgehog mad as hornets, and with that he curled himself and not a word or stir more out of him. Then the leprechaun lifted his foot in his buckled brogue and fetched a kick that landed the little grey fellow out of the tower and on to the goat's nose, and it eating the place tidy, by reason it was all the gardener was in it, what time the leprechaun hadn't it otherwise engaged. But at the touch of the prickles the goat got very bitter, and tossed poor Gráineog with its horns, and after him and tossed him again and once more, till where but into the stream did he come down with a welt, full on Aideen's face, and the prickles like so many darts tearing her fairness and stabbing her eyes; and across the hill came the tick-a-tack of the leprechaun's hammer, or maybe it was laughing the k'nat (rogue) was.

Then bleeding and blinded, Aideen rose out of the water, and Gráineog swimming to the bank fit to be tied on beholding what he had done. But the girl in her misfortune thought of nought but to hide herself from all the world, for her pride started back from pity, and wrapping herself in her garments she came, half by luck and half by the feel of a path familiar to her feet, to the ruined tower and hid her ruined beauty therein. And spinning a web grey and gossamer as cobwebs of dawn, she stretched it across the entrance, the way all comers would be deluded into taking the place beyond for deserted, and it was Caroll himself was the first to have the cheat put on him, for twice and thrice he came, and seeing the web, hereafter sought the girl of his heart elsewhere.

'Tick-a-tack for the grief scourging the prince out on the sthra like any beggarman!' laughed the leprechaun. 'Tick-a-tack for Proud Aideen with face and fortune spoilt on her! Tick-a-tack for Gráineog fretting the skin on him as loose as a dishcover for what's not got to do with him! Sure nothing could be pleasanter than the way everything is!' laughed the villain of a leprechaun.

<sup>1</sup> The mention of 'viperflesh' as a known hedgehog delicacy would seem to date this unpublished fragment of Irish chronicle as previous to the days of St. Patrick.

It was near the time for him to join the league of the rest at the autumn brewing, when he bethought him to make safe sure, 'since with a meddler about there's no knowing where he'll be next,' said he, 'and Gráineog could be sainted to-morrow for the pick of the pack!' So off in the moonlight he padrowled to Caroll's fort, but if he did, the way was unlucky, for first he met nine white slugs, and next he saw a weasel choked with a bat, and then from the Isle of the Things that Shall Be came a blast of bellringing down the wind. But he held on for all that, for great sport he promised himself with dropping drops of the six brews into the well of the Court, that all who drank should thirst for war and Caroll lead himself and them to destruction.

'And all up with Aideen and her chances into the bargain!' said the leprechaun. 'Tick-a-tack, tick-a-tack, tick-a-tack!'

With that, capering high in his buckled brogues, he whipped into the fort; but by reason of the ill-luck of the night's road, ere he got to the well, the first sunray darted through the mists of dawn, and at its touch the leprechaun was maimed entirely and all virtue out of him. Thus those coming forth to draw water found him in the road.

'By this and by that, if it's not a leprechaun!' cried one.

'If it is, 'tis he must give up his crock of gold, the way we'll be creasuses of riches all the days of our life!' cried another.

'By the wicked eye in him, 'tis your wisdom not to make too free with him!' said a girl very sly. 'Let ye weave a cage over him till we have his secret, is my word to ye!'

So in no time were willow-rods brought and woven about him, but good care took the leprechaun not to speak the first word, without which there can be no second or third, for right well he knew that with the moonshine his power would come back to him and he to be evaporating out of his cage as easy as kiss your hand. But, for the ill-luck held, they stopped up the chinks between the osiers with bunches of heather-bloom, and no leprechaun ever born or begotten of fairy crossed with man or woman stolen away by them can encounter sweet scent of flowers without getting as drunk as a lord. Then with the sun drawing out the honey reek, the Sinn Feins themselves couldn't have kept me brave leprechaun sober, and of Aideen in the tower he told, and calling on Gráineog he was, and not one crock of gold was he mentioning but battalions, only all in places where there was no getting at them, save in dreams. So with all the rest composing themselves to sleep that instant,

Caroll lit out through the wood, and wings to his heart lifted him over rough and smooth.

Now Gráineog hedgehog had over-grieved and lamented himself, so that he had no appetite for living at all, and a desolate grunting he kept up by the tower's thresholdstone; and for all it was no louder than a grasshopper's cry, it came to Aideen's ears above, for tuned to the sorrow in her own breast it was. So, since to ease another's sorrow is sorrow's best balm, she followed down to the thresholdstone and peeped out through the cobwebs of her spinning, and saw the little dark gray fellow half-curled and dying.

Then she who had been Proud Aideen brushed the cobwebs aside, and milking the goat she was, and all to coax a hedgehog to sup. And, as she knelt by Gráineog in the green eveningtide, Caroll of the lost heart came over the hill and beheld her, and the scratches on her face but lovespots and the lovelight in her eyes making them brown stars. For troth, the druid had had the wise word, when he had said a woman is as a man sees her.

'Whethen, I'll have to make shift to live, not to be annyways disobliging them,' said Gráineog to himself; 'and snails are sweet,' said he, 'and who knows but I'll circumnavigate the leprechaun yet!'

And to this day when the dew is falling about the gray tower ye'll be apt to see a hedgehog, though if 'tis Gráineog himself, he'll be a long age by now. But if ye've e'er a snail about ye, let ye give it him for sake of the old stock; and if ye're on for seeing the leprechaun, be ye sure to enter the tower by the right doorway, and then maybe ye will—and maybe ye won't.

K. L. MONTGOMERY.

## *THE BUTLERS OF BUTLETSBURY.*

BY DOUGLAS G. BROWNE.

### I.

ADMIRERS of Mr. R. W. Chambers' spirited romances of the American War of Independence will recall the sinister figure of Captain Walter Butler, who, in several of the novels, persecutes the heroines when he is not leading his Senecas and painted whites to massacre more humble folk. Possibly many readers are not aware that both Walter Butler and his father, Colonel John, are historical characters, who played an important if sometimes very terrible part in the war. It appears, indeed, that Colonel John Butler was the moving spirit in the whole predatory warfare which, during five years, afflicted Pennsylvania and New York, and that he was a man whose exploits, if not particularly edifying, deserve their place at least in a foot-note to history.

We are not concerned here with the origin or the broad features of the rebellion. It is enough to remark that contemporary American writers and soldiers tacitly recognised its true character, and, amid much foolish claptrap, persisted in referring to the opposing factions, even on the battle-field, as Whigs and Tories. The whole trouble, in fact, was political; and it was this which accounts for the blend of savagery and toleration that distinguished the actual warfare. Around the armies, whose campaigns eventually decided the issue, there was in progress a vast, irregular conflict, marked on both sides by extreme bitterness. This was the real war, or at least the stage upon which the true sentiments of the opponents were revealed without disguise.

The conditions were so far common to those of every other civil war. But the situation was further complicated by one unique and disturbing feature. The two factions were alike alien intruders on foreign soil. There lived side by side with them, sometimes in active enmity, sometimes in ambiguous neutrality, the only parties to the case who can be said to have lain under any pressing grievance—the real owners of the land. Already driven back several hundred miles from the coast, the Iroquois, the Algonquins, and the other indigenous peoples of North America

waited sullenly in their forests, a great cloud of danger hanging perpetually over the frontier settlements. Neither their friendship nor their enmity had availed to stay the encroaching tide. Every year the settlements pushed farther westward, and new forts arose on the shrinking confines of the Indian lands. But when the colonies revolted, it must have seemed to the tribes that a great opportunity had arisen. The principal thieves having fallen out, honest men might come by some of their own again. One vital question remained to be decided: Who was the most likely winner?

In the meantime both loyalists and rebels were feverishly canvassing the dispossessed natives whom, when all was well, they affected to despise. American histories as a rule are silent about the part played in this unedifying competition by the revolutionists, and British writers have assumed too hastily in consequence that we were the first, if not the only, offenders. The truth, of course, is that both factions were equally unscrupulous and equally anxious to buy the support of the Indian peoples. It was only when, in the end, the loyalists gained almost everywhere this doubtful advantage, that to the other side the grapes became not merely sour but noxious and abominable.

Numerically, the native race was insignificant. It had long been declining when the Revolution began. In the case of the northern tribes, whose chief delight was war, it will appear doubtful if so small a body of men has ever, before or since, spread so much terror over so vast an area, or has required so long and earnest an effort to subdue. An Indian war party of two or three hundred was a large force. Few, if any, of the tribes could in the last resort raise a thousand warriors. Yet these men were such efficient fighters in their chosen conditions that, had they been able to combine, the conquest of America might still be in progress. Inter-tribal jealousies provided the colonist with his best weapon. Once, under Pontiac, a short-lived and partial league threatened the whole fabric of European ascendancy in the north. And at the time of the rebellion there existed in the same region, along the great lakes, one formidable confederacy, unique in its power and composition—that of the Iroquois or Six Nations. This was formed of the Mohawks, Senecas, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas, and Tuscaroras, who together occupied what is now the western half of the states of New York and Pennsylvania. Originally the six tribes, like a miniature League of Nations, had combined to enforce peace upon

their neighbours, a praiseworthy object which was attained by a series of sanguinary wars in which the Delawares, Eries, and others were almost annihilated. Admirers of the present League might reflect upon this example of compulsory benevolence. In 1776 the Iroquois could raise altogether little more than 2000 fighting men ; but the confederacy was nevertheless peculiarly formidable. In common with the other settled forest peoples, as opposed to the decadent nomads of the southern plains, the Six Nations were highly intelligent and civilised. They lived in well-built towns and villages, with wide areas under cultivation. Above all, they were most skilled and implacable fighters in their own fashion. To these qualities was added a geographical situation of great military importance. Their lands covered the chief avenues of communication between the American colonies and the Canadian provinces ; and when they decided to adhere to the loyalist faction they had all Canada as a base from which to draw support. It was this support which enabled them to maintain the struggle to the end. The Algonquins and other peoples, who lived farther south and were isolated from such assistance, were forced eventually to sue for peace.

The faithfulness of the Iroquois in adversity, however, was not due solely to geographical position, nor even to prodigal gifts of rum and blankets, as American historians would like us to believe. It was founded on stronger elements. During the French wars which ended with the conquest of Canada in 1763, the league had become firmly attached to the British cause—largely through the influence of one remarkable man, Sir William Johnson. When the colonies rebelled, Johnson was dead ; and most of the men among whom his vast responsibilities were divided had little of his character or influence. His son, Sir John, seems to have been a dull, rather brutal man, devoted to his pleasures. His nephew, Guy Johnson, who succeeded him in the actual office of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, passed most of his time during the rebellion either at Montreal or with Howe's army. Hamilton of Detroit, whom the colonists named 'the Hair Buyer,' seldom left his post until he ventured rashly to Vincennes on the Ohio and was captured there. With such successors as these, during six years of increasing misfortune and declining British prestige, the continued fidelity of the Iroquois appears remarkable. Even affection for Sir William's memory could hardly by itself have kept them faithful. Some highly capable and influential leader there must have been



to maintain the old tradition. And although little is known in this country about Colonel John Butler, of Butlersbury on the Mohawk, the evidence points to him as the man responsible.

The most convincing proof of Butler's quality is found in the extreme hatred felt for him by the rebels—a hatred kept alive in the States to the present day. 'I know of no men of the Revolution,' says Lorenzo Sabine, in his account of the American Loyalists, 'so entirely infamous as the Butlers—father and son'; and this genial opinion is echoed by every American writer, from historians like Bryant and Bancroft to novelists like Harold Frederic and Mr. Chambers. The two Butlers, indeed, have passed into continental literature rather as mythical figures, synonyms for every kind of turpitude, than as actual historical characters. Atrocities as frightful as any attributed to them were committed by other partisan leaders; but the old Colonel and his son stand by themselves as objects of a detestation which, upon examination, seems to be due less to their inhumanity than to a well-founded respect for their ability.

## II.

The home of the Butlers was in the Mohawk Valley, at that date one of the two practicable avenues of communication by land between Canada and the middle colonies. The valley runs eastward from Lake Ontario for 150 miles until it joins the Hudson Valley, the main Canadian route, just above the town of Albany, a place of great prominence in colonial history. From Albany a long wedge of settlements, whose older inhabitants were mostly of Dutch or German descent, stretched out along the Mohawk into the debatable Iroquois lands. Here lived also the Johnsons, the Butlers, the De Lanceys, and others of the Tryon County aristocracy. Johnson Hall, a large mansion built by Sir William, stood (and still stands) forty miles from Albany and three miles from the stockades and stone bastions of Fort Johnson. On his estate the baronet had laid out a village, which, under the name of Johnstown, became the shire town of Tryon County. Near at hand were Guy Park, the home of Guy Johnson, and Colonel John Butler's house and estate of Butlersbury.

The Butlers, like the Johnsons, were Irish, and claimed descent from the Ormond-Butler family. At the outbreak of the Revolution the elder man, who held the regular rank of captain, commanded



a regiment of New York militia. His son, Walter N. Butler, was studying law in Albany. Both were bigoted loyalists. Of the Colonel little is known apart from his official transactions; but he is described as a short, swarthy man, arrogant, capable, inured to the hardships of campaigns, and of great experience and influence in the complex business of Indian diplomacy. He had been one of Sir William's Deputies, and still held the post under Guy Johnson. The strange personality of Walter Butler impressed itself so forcibly upon his contemporaries that we can obtain some sort of portrait of him. In 1776 he was about twenty-seven years of age. He was dark, extremely handsome, slender and of middle height, and cursed with a brooding, passionate temper: he had brains and an inordinate pride; and with his melancholy beauty he could exercise a peculiar fascination, when he chose to exert himself, over men and women alike. His few official letters which survive in the Public Record Office are notable for qualities rare among the slipshod and ill-spelled correspondence of that time. They are legible, concise, and admirably expressed; and, although addressed to his superiors, they show very clearly his self-assurance and intolerance of foolish meddling. With his almost ferocious energy of thought and action, he must in other circumstances have gone far. The war came, however; he lost in an instant his home, his position, and his future; and within five years he was dead, leaving behind him only an undying tradition of hatred and terror.

The aristocracy of the Mohawk Valley formed a strange, precarious little world, embedded in illimitable, gloomy forests haunted by the Iroquois and their ghosts and devils, and immediately surrounded by a mixed community of settlers who resented social distinctions and were intensely absorbed in their narrow political and religious interests. The gentry were almost all of British or Irish descent. A large proportion of the poorer settlers were Dutch or German, of whom the former never forgot that they once had owned the State of New York, while the latter were mostly emigrants driven from the Palatinate by poverty and oppression. Neither class was attached to the gentry or to the cause they represented. The residue of the valley people were rough, ill-educated pioneers of the usual type.

Upon such a society the early events of the revolution reacted with startling effect. The nominal authority of the Tory families was dissolved at once. The whole valley rose against them; and they had no armed support beyond a few personal retainers, for

the militia was only another name for the disaffected. In a few weeks the Johnsons, the Butlers, and the rest had fled to Canada. Mrs. Butler and her daughter were prisoners in Albany. Sir John Johnson had escaped with difficulty, and was accused of breaking his parole; but this charge apparently was groundless. Houses, estates, personal property—all had been lost; and presently the Congressional Committee of Sequestration formally confiscated the whole. It is not surprising that this unjustifiable act awoke in its victims a lasting resentment. They were exiled and ruined; and they proceeded to exact a terrible revenge.

The Butlers had fled to Niagara, where Colonel Mason Bolton, of the 8th (King's) Regiment, was Military Governor. Guy Johnson having virtually abdicated his post of Superintendent of Indian Affairs, the elder Butler, as his Deputy, is found henceforward directing the general policy of the Iroquois. During the spasmodic uprisings of 1775-76 the Six Nations seem to have been held in leash. But already preparations were in hand for the combined operations by Burgoyne, St. Leger, and Howe, which, it was hoped, would crush the northern colonies at once and for ever; and in this scheme the Indians were to take an active part. While Hamilton at Detroit was planning a raid by the Algonquins on the Ohio settlements, Carleton, the Governor of Canada, had received deputations from the Iroquois; and Burgoyne, addressing another gathering of chiefs, had congratulated them on their notorious affection for the British Constitution and the Houses of Parliament, and had adjured them to refrain from excesses. The Hessian General Riedesel, at one of these meetings, voiced the general opinion as to the value of such admonitions. 'Wretched colonies!' said he, 'if these wild souls are indulged in war!'

By this time a number of irregular corps had been raised from the loyalist refugees. Sir John Johnson had formed the Royal New York Regiment, more familiarly known, from the colour of its facings, as 'Johnson's Greens.' It was increased later to two battalions, and gained a reputation second only to that of the corps we must now more fully describe. Colonel Butler, in April 1777, applied to Carleton for permission to form the refugees from the Mohawk and Susquehanna districts, then collected at Niagara, into a battalion of Rangers. He was authorised, when Johnson's regiment had been brought up to strength, to raise 'by beat of drum' one company, to consist of one captain, two subalterns, six N.C.O.'s, and fifty men; while further companies, to a total not exceeding

eight, were to be formed subsequently if possible. In recommending this scheme to Germaine, the Secretary of State for the Colonies, Carleton refers to Butler as 'a gentleman of extreme good family and some fortune on the Mohawk River, as also long service among the Indians. . . . He has done all the business of that department since Mr. Guy Johnson left it, and I had for these reasons made choice of him for the command of those Indians before your Lordship's letter No. 8, mentioning Colonel Claus, was received ; but I have, agreeable to that letter, sent this gentleman also up there'—i.e. to Niagara. Claus, another son-in-law of Sir William Johnson, had been sent back from England by Germaine to take Guy Johnson's place as Superintendent ; but he seems never to have acted as Butler's superior.

Such, then, was the origin of Butler's Rangers, a corps whose exploits have provided American writers with much material for invective. Recruiting proceeded slowly at first, owing to other calls ; but after the Wyoming affair, early in 1778, the battalion seems to have grown rapidly. Two companies, composed of men familiar with the Indian customs and language, received four shillings, N.Y. currency, per day : the remainder received two shillings. The uniform was dark green, the officers wearing silver buttons and sword-knots of wampum. The corps continued to be so popular that so late as September 1781, it mustered 484 of all ranks, of whom 350 were fit for duty. Walter Butler, who acted as adjutant for a time, was commissioned as Captain commanding the first company in December 1777 ; his father as Major and Commanding Officer as soon as the whole battalion was formed. The commissioned ranks were filled partly by other refugee gentry, partly by officers seconded from regular units, such as the 8th at Niagara. John Butler became Lieutenant-Colonel in 1780, and, in spite of a subsequent application to be relieved of active command, which clashed with his increasing cares as Indian Superintendent, he still held the post at the conclusion of hostilities.

### III.

The peculiar qualities of Butler's Rangers were most valuable when employed in partisan warfare ; and as fast as the companies were formed they were dispersed among the Iroquois along the frontier. Butler can seldom, if ever, have seen his whole corps together at one time.

Its first experience of anything approaching a formal campaign came with the great combined operation launched to crush the middle and eastern colonies in the summer of 1777. Burgoyne's regulars, marching due south down the Hudson to Albany, were to be joined at that town by a force under Barry St. Leger, coming eastward along the Mohawk from Oswego. The two columns would then effect a junction with Howe, who was to advance northward from New York. The scheme came to a disastrous end. Howe did little or nothing, and Burgoyne was trapped at Saratoga. St. Leger, in the meantime, left Oswego in July with a force made up of 100 regulars of the 8th and 34th Regiments, 300 of Johnson's Greens, a weak company of Butler's Rangers, 340 Hessian Chasseurs, and nearly 1000 warriors of the Six Nations under the Mohawk chief Joseph Brant. Colonel Claus, already mentioned, was on St. Leger's staff, nominally as Indian Superintendent; but beyond interfering with some of Butler's arrangements he had little to do with the management of the Iroquois. This was in the hands of Brant and Butler, who accompanied the expedition, as did Sir John Johnson. Walter Butler, having been sent down the Mohawk to tamper with the settlers and discover what he could about the military preparations, had been captured and taken to Albany, where he was sentenced to death as a spy. He was reprieved, apparently through the efforts of some officers who had known him before the war, and he escaped soon after. His treatment in Albany seems only to have inflamed still further his violent hatred of the rebels.

The latter, meanwhile, well knowing that the blow was about to fall, looked apprehensively in all directions, but especially to the west, where the Indian menace was gathering. Earnest appeals were made to the Iroquois and the Algonquins, who were assured that the colonists were their best friends. Washington wrote to them to counsel neutrality, warning them against the machinations of 'Colonel Butler, who has kindled a fire at Niagara.' The fire, unfortunately, was not to be damped by phrases; for everywhere the Indians were gathering, painting themselves, and sharpening their weapons; and of all the potential victims, those in the Mohawk Valley had the greatest cause for anxiety, threatened as they were by the implacable Butler and his Iroquois. The most experienced men had already been taken for the continental army, leaving only the dregs of the militia to defend the settlements. At Fort Stanwix, at the head of the Mohawk, there was, it is true,

a garrison of 700 men under Colonels Gansevoort and Marinus Willett, the last a very able officer ; but this post, only fifty miles from Oswego, seemed likely to be but a small protection to the lower valley. The defence of the latter was directed by one of the most prominent of the German settlers, Nicholas Hercheimer, or Herkimer, as it had come to be spelt, who held the rank of General in the militia. He was an elderly man of large experience in Indian warfare, and he held no delusions as to the chances of his insubordinate following in a pitched battle with the Iroquois. For the militia, composed mainly of the slow-witted Dutch and German elements, regarded their dangerous enemies with contempt, in spite of many disastrous experiences, and refused to learn the rudiments of forest warfare. This attitude, remarkable even in the case of such regular soldiers as Braddock and others, who were mere animated drill-books, was inexcusable in a people who lived on the verge of the Indian lands ; yet it was only too common. The Mohawk settlers were to pay bitterly for their fatuity.

St. Leger and his heterogeneous force invested Stanwix on August 3. The fort stood near the site of the present town of Rome, where the head of the Mohawk Valley, which is, as it were, double-ended, narrows abruptly to the east of Lake Oneida. St. Leger, who declared afterwards that he had been misled as to the strength of the work, invested it with his white troops, while the Indians, who never became accustomed to cannon, lay in the surrounding woods. Herkimer, in the meantime, having collected his militia to a number variously estimated at from 600 to 900 men, was marching to meet the invaders, preferring to risk a battle within sound of the guns of Stanwix rather than among the helpless settlements of the lower valley ; and in the evening of the 5th he halted only 12 miles away at the Indian village of Oriska, or Oriskany. Experienced and cautious, he was in no hurry to continue his advance next day. He was hampered by a train of wagons, and he wished first to clear up the situation by reconnaissance. But his officers and men were vainglorious and insubordinate, and were not ashamed to taunt him with cowardice because he did not push forward at dawn. The old man flew at last in a rage, forgot his discretion, and ordered the advance. The careless militia plunged into the forest by the track which led straight into an ambush carefully laid by Butler and Brant, who had with them 400 Iroquois and 80 Greens and Rangers. At 10 o'clock on the morning of the 6th these heard the

rumbling and creaking of the wagons, and knew that their time had come.

Very shortly after, as the foolhardy victims marched singing and whistling down the track, apparently without any adequate advance-guard, the dark glade resounded suddenly with the appalling Indian yells. A sleet of bullets tore through the leaves, and the Mohawk and Tryon County militia, blasted on all sides by this fire, went down in scores. The road was choked with kicking horses and overturned wagons, while, amid the smoke, the Iroquois leaped about like painted fiends, firing, howling, and scalping all the dead and wounded within their reach. At length a hundred or so of the militia managed to struggle back out of the inferno to a piece of rising ground, carrying with them old Herkimer, mortally wounded. Here they prepared to make a last stand. They held out for an hour and a half, when the dwindling remnant was saved by a sally from the fort. Willett, hearing the distant firing, broke through the thinly-held lines of the besiegers and destroyed part of St. Leger's baggage. Butler and Johnson were hurriedly recalled; and the survivors of the militia were able to retire with their dying general down the valley.

The battle of Oriskany, in itself a decisive victory for which Butler and Brant were directly responsible, had virtually destroyed Herkimer's force. Five hundred of the militia were either killed on the spot or fell into the hands of the Iroquois as wounded or unwounded prisoners. 'Many of the latter,' says Butler of these unfortunates, 'were, conformable to custom, afterwards killed.' Nevertheless, the enterprise was effectual in raising the siege of Stanwix. In the battle itself, and in Willett's sally, the Indians had suffered what were for them severe losses—thirty-three killed, including several noted chiefs. They now broke out of hand, plundered such baggage as Willett had left intact, and refused to continue this unprofitable warfare. St. Leger soon after raised the siege and fell back to Oswego.

#### IV.

After Oriskany, Butler and his Rangers were busy for nearly four months on obscure enterprises of which few details are forthcoming. At the end of the year the Colonel was back at Niagara, hatching with the Indians those plans which were to be fulfilled so terribly in the spring.

A series of minor raids came as a preliminary to what Butler called 'the formidable irruption' in preparation. He had applied for definite orders to Carleton; but the latter had just learned of his coming supersession by Haldimand, and, justly angered, refused to give any. 'The conduct of the war,' he wrote to Germaine, 'having on all sides been taken out of my hands, I cannot pretend to give Major Butler any instructions.' Butler, therefore, upon his own responsibility, completed his arrangements, chose his point of attack, and, early in June, left Niagara on the enterprise with which his name is most commonly associated. As a counter-blast to the losses at Oriskany and Stanwix, he had decided to strike at the Wyoming Valley, a prosperous little border territory in Pennsylvania, 130 miles south of the Mohawk. Divided into eight townships, each protected by one or more stockaded forts, it supported upwards of 1000 families; and it was defended by one company of continental troops and 500 militia under Colonels Denniston and Zebulon Butler. The latter was said to be a cousin of the Tory leader, a relationship repudiated by his descendants.

John Butler, by his own account, had no more than 500 Indians and Rangers, the former being mostly Senecas, Cayugas, and Onondagas, led by the Seneca chief Suncingcrachtou, who was the nominal head of the Six Nations. Brant and his Mohawks took no part in the expedition. Early in June the raiders, a long column of naked warriors, shaved, oiled, and painted hideously as cats, dogs, skeletons, or anything else that pleased their fantastic fancy, with the old Colonel on horseback, surrounded by his green-clad Rangers, in the midst, left Niagara and moved south-east down the Tioga and Chemung rivers. The Chemung flowed into the Susquehanna at the northern end of the Wyoming Valley. On the last day of June Butler had reached the hills overlooking Lackawanna, a few miles above the junction of the rivers. In the doomed valley all was terror and confusion; for although the settlers had learnt of the coming attack from a drunken Indian some time before, as usual they had done nothing until it was too late. The women and children were now brought hurriedly into the forts. Zebulon Butler, who had the customary contempt for Indians as fighters, took command of the small mobile force—400 men in all—and assembled it at Wilkesbarre, in the middle of the valley, preparatory to marching out against the raiders.

On the following morning, July 1, the Tory leader summoned the two northern forts, which surrendered unconditionally. His



report says nothing about the alleged killing of Jenkins, the commandant at Lackawanna, with all his family. In the meantime, parties of Indians were destroying crops and driving in the cattle from the upper valley, while scouts watched the militia gathering at Wilkesbarre.

It was on the morning of the 3rd that Zebulon Butler marched out with his 400. His namesake, patient and cunning in stratagems, was waiting for his enemy to be delivered into his hands. As the militia approached Lackawanna, the Indians and Rangers set fire to the captured forts and withdrew into the forest. The Wyoming men, with a presumption so crass as to merit any punishment, saw in the burning forts and a solitary receding flag only evidence of Indian cowardice: pushing onward, they climbed a slight rise and entered the 'fine open wood' where John Butler and Sucingerachtou had concealed their men. It was a repetition of Oriskany and a score of other Indian battles. When the credulous victims were only 100 yards from their hidden enemies, the storm broke. In half an hour all was over. About 50 men escaped with Zebulon Butler from the shambles and managed to reach Wilkesbarre. Over 300 fell in the wood, where 250 scalps were gathered even before the fighting ceased. *Five* prisoners were taken. Three field officers, 7 captains, and 13 subalterns were among the dead. The total loss of the Iroquois and Butler's Rangers was 3 killed and 8 wounded.

And now the whole valley was at the mercy of the raiders. Zebulon Butler slipped out of Wilkesbarre with his family; and the further defence, if any could be made, devolved upon Colonel Denniston, who was in Exeter Fort. This was invested on Saturday, the 4th, and Denniston surrendered unconditionally on the following day, the terms of capitulation including all the military posts and continental property in the Valley. Although no doubt there were many cases of barbarity perpetrated by the Indians and by their still more savage allies, the painted whites of McDonald and other scoundrels, there is no evidence of the wholesale massacres at Exeter and Wilkesbarre to which some American historians refer. Bancroft, indeed, admits that most of the women and children in the forts escaped with their lives, if with little else; while as John Butler, who was not usually squeamish about describing the cruelties of his Indians, does not make even a casual allusion to these alleged atrocities, it may be assumed that they at least are largely apocryphal. Many individual cases of bar-



barous murder no doubt there were. The Iroquois, by their code of war, were justified in tomahawking anybody, man or woman, who resisted ; and there is a story told of one of Butler's irregular partisans which, whether it is true or false, illustrates the kind of villainy let loose when civil wars are conducted under the conditions then obtaining in America. There was among the raiders, it is said, a man with the inappropriate name of Partial Terry, whose home was in the Wyoming Valley. He seized this opportunity to revisit his family, scalped them all, and then decapitated his father.

If this and similar stories, almost as appalling, are sometimes exaggerated, there is no doubt at all as to the complete destruction to houses and property meted out in Wyoming. The whole valley was laid waste. The crops were systematically ruined. A thousand head of cattle, with sheep and swine in proportion, were driven away. And then every fort, every house, every mill and farm, was given to the flames. When Butler and his raiders withdrew, after two or three busy days, they left behind them twenty miles of blackened and smoking desert.

And the campaign of devastation had only begun. Detaching small parties eastward to raid the Delaware, Butler with the main body moved north up the Susquehanna, ravaging as he went. Another thirty miles of closely settled country was laid waste. At length the raiders, 'glutted with plunder, prisoners, and scalps,' turned back to their own lands. But in the meantime Brant and his Mohawks had taken a hand in the game. They swooped down upon Minnisink, destroyed the whole settlement with the exception of one fort, and on their return collected forty scalps from a party that was so foolish as to pursue them.

From the bleeding frontiers of Pennsylvania and New York rose up a cry of terror and rage. Congress ordered the assembling of an army to chastise the Iroquois, and, Gates having declined the command of this force, it was given to Sullivan. But long before the necessary preparations could be completed, the year was over, and in the meantime another and more frightful tragedy was added to its long list, and the younger Butler had stamped his name for ever upon colonial annals.

The settlement of Cherry Valley, an outpost of the Mohawk community, stood by Sharon Springs, fifty miles west of Albany. In addition to a fort of some strength, built by order of Lafayette during his first visit, a regiment of militia, under Colonel Ichabod

Alden, had been billeted in the scattered dwellings since Butler's raid had roused the frontier. Alden, however, was yet one more in the long sequence of colonial commanders who knew nothing about Indians and did not wish to know anything. It is a testimony to what the rebels regarded as the diabolical acumen of the Butlers, as well as to the efficiency of the latter's intelligence service, that they seem always to have chosen such presumptuous incompetents for their victims. It cannot have been chance that now led them to plan a raid upon the unfortunate people under Alden's care. In the early days of November that officer received a warning from Fort Stanwix that he was about to be attacked ; but he did nothing beyond sending out a few scouts on Sunday the 8th, who found no sign of the enemy.

On the evening of the 11th, a bitter cold night, all was quiet in Cherry Valley. The sentries were sheltering from the wind, and most of the inhabitants of the little settlement were asleep. Alden was sitting after dinner at his head-quarters, the house of a certain Mr. Wells. Yet within a mile, hidden in the woods, lay Walter Butler, having with him a company of the 8th under Captain Colville, detachments of the Rangers and Johnson's Greens, a number of unattached banditti, and 500 Senecas and Mohawks under Brant. Of Brant, apropos of this expedition, Haldimand wrote later to Germaine that 'his attachment to the Government, resolution, and personal exertion, makes him a character of a very distinguished kind' ; and he was, in fact, a remarkable man. He had been a friend of Sir William Johnson, and his sister, Molly Brant, had reigned during the baronet's last years as mistress of Johnson Hall, supporting her ambiguous position among the gentry of Tryon County with tact and dignity. It is said that Brant, after Cherry Valley, showed openly his disgust at Walter Butler's savagery. This quality, however, endeared the latter to the Senecas, the most barbarous of the Six Nations ; and he employed that tribe on most of his subsequent forays.

The Cherry Valley settlers were aroused from what, in most cases, was their last sleep, by the sudden crack of rifles and the piercing howls of the Iroquois. Except at the fort, there was little or no organised defence. Most of Alden's militia seem to have melted away into the darkness, leaving the women and children at the mercy of Butler's Senecas and 'blue-eyed Indians,' who knew no mercy. Alden, whose criminal negligence had provoked the disaster, was shot, tomahawked, and scalped while trying

to escape from Wells's house. In the fort, which mounted two guns, Major Whiting was able to hold out; but very few of the villagers had time to reach its shelter. A brief and pitiless massacre ensued among the scattered houses. The settlement was a small one; and in half-an-hour or so fifty persons, mostly women and children, had been killed with every circumstance of horror. A little later, and Walter Butler and his following had vanished again into the dark woods whence they had come, dragging with them four officers and a few men of the militia, and sixty survivors of the settlers. Most of these died of ill-treatment during the bitter journey to the Canadian frontier. The glare of burning houses, and an awful human silence, remained to tell the horror-struck refugees in the fort that the tornado of murder and destruction had passed; and the sun rose again to find the life of Cherry Valley annihilated in a night—an indelible lesson in Walter Butler's method of making war.

#### IV.

Wyoming and Cherry Valley will always remain the outstanding monuments to the Butlers' ruthlessness and ability; and to avoid a prolonged anti-climax, as well as for reasons of space, the remainder of their story is better curtailed.

In the spring of 1779 Walter Butler and his Senecas were busy again; for Sullivan's great expedition was still making laborious preparations by the sources of the Susquehanna. It was the end of July before Sullivan moved. With 4000 men he laid waste the Iroquois country, but failed to bring the Indians to action except at the skirmish—for it was little more—known as the battle of Chemung, or Elmira, in which Johnson and the Butlers took part. As the unwieldy army, its supplies exhausted, withdrew from the forests, the enraged Iroquois swarmed back in its wake; and before long their raiding parties were exacting vengeance for the fright they had received.

So things went along the northern frontier, in the same familiar way, during the concluding years of the war. Indian raids and massacres were followed by counter-raids which seldom found the elusive enemy. The elder Butler, who suffered from 'rheumatisme,' seems to have taken little active part in this later warfare; but his son added to the load of hatred and terror which now attached to his name. Walter Butler was employed also on missions to

New York, where he tried to instil into the lethargic and good-natured Clinton some of his own drastic ideas as to the conduct of war. He was now so famous, or infamous, that the regular officers in the garrison could restrain neither their curiosity nor their disgust during his visits; but his remarkable personality seems to have impressed itself upon all.

It was in October 1781, with a force made up as usual of Rangers, Greens, partisans, and Senecas, that he set out on his last raid. Once again he swept down the Mohawk, killing and burning. He reached the country of his boyhood, within forty miles of Albany, and perhaps visited the deserted mansions and tangled gardens he had known so well—Johnson Hall, Guy Park, and his own home of Butlersbury. He was meting out his implacable vengeance upon Johnstown itself when he was caught by a force under Marinus Willett. The raiders were dispersed in the course of a long running fight which rolled far back up the luckless valley; and somewhere in the swamps of West Canada Creek, savage to the last, Walter Butler was killed.

Colonel John remained, to see the war ended and American independence secured. He had the distinction of being formally attainted by Congress; but until his death in 1796 he lived comfortably in Upper Canada as Superintendent of Indian Affairs, with a grant of 1000 acres of land and a salary and pension of £700 per annum. When his influence was gone, the Iroquois, hemmed in and continually menaced by the victorious colonists, migrated to Canada or made definite peace with their old enemies.

In the war of 1812 it is interesting to find that the people who cried out so loudly against our employment of Indians during the rebellion, did not scruple to enlist the remainder of the Six Nations for their own campaign.

## PLANTS AS INVENTORS.

BY CLARA BOYLE.

## II.

THE glorious age of mechanical science has not passed, nor is it with us now, but it will come in future days. Man will be able to master Nature's forces to a much greater extent than he has done hitherto. If he does nothing more than bring into practical application all the principles which organic matter has used in its workshop, he will by that feat alone find full employment for his powers, talents, and funds for hundreds of years to come.

Every bush or tree can be his teacher, showing him devices and mechanical contrivances without number. The leaf alone contains all the fittings of a large and modern industrial establishment; here are at work a complicated ventilator, also a drying-apparatus, a refrigerator, an hydraulic press, and an enormous quantity of 'sun-engines' which we are not yet able to copy. We might in the first instance discuss some points which are of outstanding interest because their practical application has hitherto been quite unknown to us.

Amongst all the raw materials which living organisms, including man, have at their disposal, none can be had in such quantities as air and water, or, more correctly termed, the gases: oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and carbonic acid. Man only uses a single one of these four gases, namely nitrogen, from which, and that only since most recent times, saltpetre is prepared, whilst all the others remain unutilised, so that potential millions of money lie fallow.

The plant cell uses all these four gases, and has thus tapped without expense the cheapest source of raw materials. It would take a volume to describe the whole procedure, and we will therefore consider only one point: the device for extracting carbonic acid and converting it into sugar by the aid of water. The study of chemosynthesis has only been taken up within the last seventy years and our conception of this science is, therefore, still somewhat superficial. It is found that all plant cells growing above ground contain a green pigment, and that these cells continually secrete nitrogen when exposed to the light of the sun. They also store

within themselves a substance consisting of carbo-hydrates, and which we call sugar in its fluid state, and starch in its granular form. Air, with the indispensable addition of water, is the raw material for the production of these carbo-hydrates, and this process, here indicated in simplest words, is the most important phenomenon on our globe. Not only all vegetation but the life of animals and mankind depend on it, and without it life would have been exhausted long ago; it must, therefore, have been in operation from the beginning of organic life.

Our science is far from being able to copy this really quite simple process. As yet we do not even comprehend it entirely, because we are still unacquainted with the true composition of the green pigment. The knowledge that chlorophyll is an albuminous compound does not help us very far. The red colouring matter, the haemoglobin of our own blood, is also an albuminous compound and closely allied to chlorophyll. Haemoglobin is composed of  $C_{758}H_{1203}N_{195}O_{218}FeS_{34}$ ; this formula sounds hopeless. Our science of chemosynthesis cannot, as yet, cope with substances of such complicated composition, and for the present we must leave their manufacture to organic Nature.

We have good cause to regard the green leaf with veneration; all day long, without so much as a hitch, thousands of sun-engines are in full activity in order to produce for the community the two essential foods: sugar and starch; they may be termed 'sun-engines' because it is their specific character to be brought into activity by the power of the solar rays. These rays act upon the chlorophyll exactly in the same way that the steam acts upon the engine. This process of production by means of solar heat is the ideal not only of mechanically applied chemistry, but of all mechanical appliance in general, it is the *optimum* pure and simple: an indispensable product is manufactured by the simplest method in an ideally simple apparatus, by means of the cheapest source of energy—light; and from the cheapest raw materials—air and water. The whole process is so perfect that none can gainsay the axiom that: *biostatics are the acme of mechanical science.*

The microscope will show us beautiful examples of this simple and well-ordered machinery, the working of which will appear to us as familiar as our own industrial installations. We can especially recommend for this purpose the common liverwort which is to be found everywhere clinging with its dark green lobes to shady, damp walls and rocks. At the first glance we can recognise a

division into facets, each of which corresponds to a factory room. When forcing our entry into these rooms by means of cross-sections and examining them under the microscope, we are confronted with a strange and yet familiar spectacle. (Plate III.) Here is a spacious arched chamber, closely packed with engines arranged side by side. These small sun-engines consist generally of two or three cylinders, containing the precious pigment in the shape of small discs. Whilst the liquid products ooze through the walls of the engines on to the floor, where they are drained off through pipes, the pigment discs are, in their cylinders, exposed to the full light which pours in a broad and powerful stream through the arched and transparent ceiling. This ceiling is even provided with a ventilation shaft for the passage of carbonic acid and water vapour.

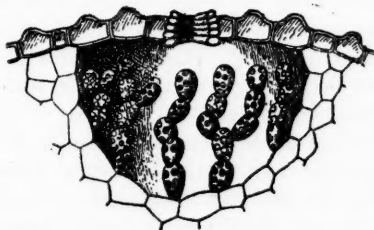


PLATE III.—The Internal Structure of the Liverwort.

Everywhere we find the same principles as in our factories, everywhere the law of necessity moulds nature as well as civilisation in the same forms.

The leaves of trees and shrubs are generally arranged in a different way, though always according to the same principle; here ventilation is assured by a still more ingenious system of shafts and sliding windows. On examining the veins and stalk of a leaf we recognise plainly how raw materials and imperfect products are guided by means of a complete network of pipes. The more we study, the more we are amazed by ever fresh and increasingly ingenious contrivances of the plant, the more is the truth borne home upon us that the plant is a whole industrial town in which we find at work elevators, water-coolers, condensers, accumulators, filters, hydraulic presses; the electrolytic apparatus and the vacuum-pump are also represented. Hundreds of human inventions have been anticipated by the plant, and might have been copied without modification for industrial use. Among these might be



mentioned at random : governors, turbines, cranes, sheaths, ball bearings, automatic locks, elastic springs, diaphragms, gradulators, balances, lenses, couplings, gas balloons, parachutes, bulkheads, and so forth. The above examples represent only a small fraction of the contrivances which the mechanical powers of the plant are able to construct. Moreover, we must bear in mind that Nature has provided human and animal bodies for their various and specific necessities with an abundance of ingenious contrivances especially suited to their needs and of quite a different order from the vegetable mechanisms, whilst other mechanical principles again play their part in the inorganic nature of clouds, mountains, water, and the electricity of air.

Among the large number of strange applications of chemical and physical laws there are some which are as yet beyond our reach, others we can copy without being able to recognise their principle ; sometimes also the plant contains a device which the botanist has not been able to comprehend in consequence of his lack of mechanical knowledge.

The consideration of some curious instances of this kind may fittingly conclude our visit to the biostatical museum of Nature. Hitherto the fact has not been recognised that hydraulic presses, or at any rate the system of communicating vessels, are brought into practical use by plant leaves. In human industry these are being steadily used more and more, and they belong to the seven mechanical wonders of the present age. Steamhammers, formerly so much admired, are more and more replaced by the noiselessly working hydraulic press. During the last century a new class of machine tools has been developed which make actual the ancient myths of the Titans. We turn a tap and iron sheets, ten inches thick, are cut like paper ; giant ship propellers are wrought, houses and bridges are lifted bodily, and ships of several thousand tons' weight can be moved from place to place as if they were light little baskets.

Each case we perceive to be simply a clever adaptation of the hydrostatic principle, that is, that pressure exercised upon water in a closed vessel spreads in equal strength in all directions. A certain degree of pressure can, therefore, be multiplied in any desired measure by enlarging the walls of the vessel. If two vessels, of which one is, say, a hundred times larger than the other, are connected by even the slenderest pipe, and we bring to bear the slightest pressure upon the water in the smaller vessel, this pressure is proportionately multiplied in the large container. This is the



fundamental law, the basis of all hydraulic presses and hydraulic machine tools.

And now, with this knowledge at the back of our minds, let us consider a plant leaf, such as the leaf of the common garden fuchsia, the nasturtium, the strawberry, or the alchemilla growing in fields and meadows. We know that these leaves are a kind of weather prophet. Small silver drops glistening at the edges of these leaves on a hot summer morning tell us that it will soon begin to rain. In reality, the exudation of water from the leaves announces only that the air is so richly saturated with water vapour that the normal evaporation from the green parts of the plant cannot take place, and the overflow must therefore be squeezed out through certain existing fissures. This guttation is increased manifold in tropical rain forests where the air is nearly always so moist that any cooler object is at once covered with drops of water. Bog plants drive forth, actually hurl out from every one of their leaves 25 to 85 drops in a minute, and sometimes small fountains bubble out of these tiny water cracks. It has been observed how, during the night, water will suddenly jet out from the leaf tips of a colocasia and spurt up to a height of about four inches.

This phenomenon is only possible where the water is under pressure. Whence comes this pressure? It cannot possibly be explained by root pressure alone which causes the bleeding of trees in spring; in the case of guttation, work involving a much greater power is being performed. The problem can be explained thus: Beneath the water fissures there is a large hollow space, connected with the general water-system of the plant by means of excessively fine pipes. Now this is an application of the principle of the hydraulic press. The slightest increase of root pressure is multiplied in the hollow space in exactly the same ratio as its diameter is greater than that of the root pipes. Thus, according to its size, a ten or hundredfold greater pressure is occasioned in the reservoir, and as the latter is provided with an aperture, the water bubbles or spurts from it.

Any expert in physics, even one of the most ancient scientists such as Hiero or Ctesibios, would have been able to recognise the hydraulic principle had this phenomenon been shown to him, and the first hydraulic press might have been constructed 2000 years before its actual invention.

At first sight we are overwhelmed by the greatness of the idea of what might have been. But then the lessons of history come

back to us and we feel small and humiliated. Is there anything new under the sun? There were steam-engines in the Serapeum at Alexandria, Ctesibios had actually constructed a 'water-machine,' in Egypt at the time of the Ptolemaic Empire 'automatic-cars' were in use, in ancient Rome actual fire-engines were general, and in the third century of our era, under the mathematicians of Alexandria, commenced a whole century of mechanical science. And yet, all this knowledge has again been swallowed up in the course of centuries, and man must laboriously set to work to create and build up his inventions afresh.

Why this relapse? How is it possible that mankind can lose what they have once acquired? Must we then assume that our present civilisation too is not permanent?

Biostatistical science answers this impressive question; by teaching us to think biologically it points with stern and irresistible logic to the true origin and cause of every invention: necessity. *All things come into being in obedience to the call of necessity. The complex requirements of Nature contain in themselves the law which produces the new creation ready to comply with necessity.*

Wherever at some distant period the situation was such as to involve the hydrostatic law, the first drops of water bubbled at once from the leaves, and the relieved plant made practical use of the advantage and attempted to hand down this new quality. When Alexandria was laid waste under the attack of the Thebaic monks, and Rome went under in the time of the tribal migrations, the new rulers of the world had no use for mechanical contrivances. The steam-engine of a Hiero meant nothing to the hunter of the elk; his need was not civilisation, and for this very reason civilisation remained in ruins. We see the same thing happening with the small master-shipbuilders in the drop of water which in process of time evolved into different, non-swimming types, therefore discarding all the mechanical culture of their ancestors.

Reality has no tradition, and the path of necessity through Nature takes no account of sentiment. Necessity turns the wheel of life. Neither plants nor men invent, but the law of mechanical formation is fulfilled by the iron grip of this necessity. We are not always strong enough to bear this great truth; but when once we have advanced to it in our study of biostatistics we shall also recognise that a great and comforting philosophy lies at its root, giving us support through the certainty that we are not lost in

darkness, but that, in community with all existing organisms, we are subject to the same law of creation.

There may be some who will object that man is not bound by the universal law of Nature, that he is sovereign in his inventions and master of his mechanical powers ; that he has produced quite a number of mechanical masterpieces which he could never have copied from Nature. In Nature, for instance, there are no accumulators for storing electricity, no locomotive-engines, no motor-cars, no arc-lamps, and no typewriters. This objection, however, entirely overlooks the fact that no organism is ever faced by the necessity to store electricity in such quantities as to call for the use of an accumulator. If electricity is needed, as for instance in the case of the torpedo-ray and the electric eel, then the organism shows the application of electric science exactly in the same way as we employ it in our industrial civilisation. Organic Nature need not rely upon the principle of locomotive-engines as it possesses far superior means of locomotion. One of the most important and fundamental principles of railroad construction, the reduction of friction by means of a sliding movement on rails, has been realised a thousandfold in Nature, as every continuous and uniformly directed movement 'wears a way,' and thus creates its own railroad. The constant wind of the Arabian desert has, by the scouring force of its motion, carved sharp furrows and smooth edges into the slopes of the Mokattam Mountains, and the same principle confronts us in many applications in the largest as in the smallest matters, so that we must perforce recognise how the shape is moulded by necessity through action itself.

It is a deplorable fact that only a small percentage of the energy stored in coal is used when we employ steam-engines or electric-motors, whereas, by swimming in water, by running on four or six legs on land, and by flying through the air, far more successful solutions of the problem of locomotion are brought to play.

No arc-lamps are needed in organic Nature, because it has been able to produce 'cold light' in any colour—we need only think of the glow-worm, of phosphorescent fungi, or deep-sea fish. The typewriter and the bicycle are applications of the lever principle ; they are in reality quite primitive, though clever, mechanisms ; their model can be found in the lever contrivance of the animal ankle-bone. The human hand is far superior to the typewriting machine ; as we know so well, no mechanical contrivance can equal

its nimble and delicate dexterity, and it is for this reason that handworked objects are valued so high above all industrial mass productions.

The weightiest refutation of all the above objections, however, is the knowledge that *the limits of biostatics are invariably fixed by the necessity to be satisfied by means of contrivances thus created.* Only thus is mechanical power converted into motion and only by daily use, that is again through actual necessity, the *optimum* of such mechanical power is reached by selection. Only from this point of view can we judge and compare the inventive creation of plant, animal, or man. Before the biostatistical scientist can attempt to imitate a contrivance of Nature, he must first of all study and make himself thoroughly acquainted with the *casual necessity* which created this contrivance, and only if the existing situation is exactly the same as in our case can Nature's solution be also most perfectly adapted to our needs.

This principle is made very clear to us when we compare ingenious contrivances applied by organic Nature as well as by man; Nature, however, not going to the extreme aimed at by man. A good example is the vegetable cooling apparatus, the principle of which is repeated in our refrigerator.

Among the various systems for the production of cold those which are based on condensation are the most largely used. The cold-producing liquid (ammonia, carbonic acid, etc.) abstracts warmth through pipes from the surrounding atmosphere by means of evaporation. The resulting vapour is again condensed and the same quantity is continually evaporated and again brought back to the liquid state, so that within this compressive refrigerator a circular process is created which steadily reduces the temperature to such a degree that ice can be easily produced.

The needs of the plant do not go to this extreme; a contrivance which produces ice, dangerous to all organic life, would at once be weeded out as unserviceable. The plant, therefore, in this case does not utilise the full effect of the phenomenon, but only a slight degree, just enough for the condensation of water vapour through a cooling substance.

The Indian pitcher plant realises this principle best as in consequence of its tree-climbing habit it is often exposed to extreme drought. It produces two kinds of leaves. Besides the ordinary ones there are curious leaves shaped and closed like pitchers which narrow considerably at their upper openings; at this point, through

a very narrow aperture, there grows into the leaf a much ramified air-root connected with the general water-absorbing system of the plant. The inner wall of the nearly closed pitcher is lined with a brown, waxy skin interrupted by an extraordinarily large number of slits. (See Plate IV.)

Let us observe carefully the functions of the whole arrangement. The slits exhale water vapour and carbonic acid in large

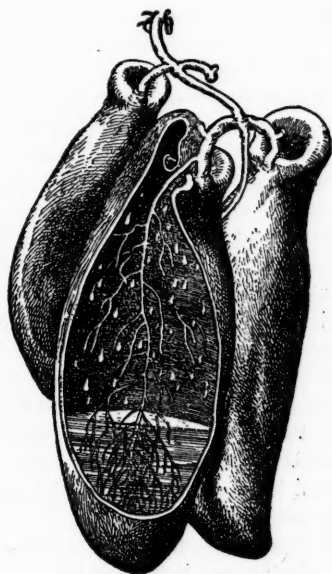


PLATE IV.—Pitcher Plant.

quantities, both being the produce of transpiration and respiration. From the point of view of the refrigerating industry such water vapour, charged with carbonic acid, is a 'cold-producing mixture.' It reduces the temperature in the closed pitcher, lined with the waxy skin as insulating material, thus causing considerable condensation. The condensed drops of water run down the smooth, waxy wall and collect in a little pool at the bottom of the vessel. The air-roots dip into this pool absorbing sufficient water, and that from its own leaves, for the general use of the plant.

This plant therefore waters itself; it produces so much water

that it is able to transpire water vapour in more than sufficient quantities, and in this ingenious way it is able to maintain a complete circulation. The whole arrangement might be considered as a fairly perfect condenser if it were not for the 'cold-producing mixture' by which this pitcher plant becomes a biostatical model of a refrigerator. It is because this model has not gone to the extreme limits of the system and is not perfect as a refrigerator, that it is so perfectly adapted to the needs of this plant; and this interesting example shows clearly the right path which the scientist must follow if he wants to avoid blind alleys.

There is one chapter in biology which strikes with awe the biostatical scientist as well as the botanist and makes them recognise their helplessness; before our eyes mechanical efforts are being made which neither our science nor our human understanding can comprehend, and which are also a splendid example for the teaching that we must judge all phenomena in organic life solely from the standpoint of the necessity of the plant. These are the hydrodynamics of trees; they have been discussed and described again and again since the days, now 250 years ago, when it was first discovered that within each plant, be it a blade of corn or a towering tree, there exists a system of water conduit pipes.

What exactly is a pipe? It is a hollow staff, the ancient fundamental shape which water virtually forms for itself when it digs its way down the valley through crevices and crags, between solid substances which it moulds and works upon till it has created the path of least resistance, a smooth, straight pipe.

In plants, however, the water does not only fall, but also rises, because the conduit pipes must fulfil the task of supplying the plant right up to the highest twigs and leaves with the precious liquid which is a pre-eminent condition of all organic life.

Mankind has experienced a similar want only since the development of modern towns, where tall houses correspond to the multicellular plant, and where the requirements of the inhabitants are satisfied in just the same way, that is, through a ramified system of conduit pipes in which water is elevated by means of pressure. This elevation can be effected by different methods, but in each case the way of least resistance is chosen. If there are mountains in the vicinity of the town the water will be brought thence, as according to the principle of communicating vessels, the water will always rise automatically in the pipes to a height equivalent to the level of its source. In a flat country an artificial mountain,

the water-tower, has to be erected containing at its highest level the tank, the surface of which is, of course, always higher than any water-taps in the town. It is, however, necessary to elevate the water to the height of this water-tower by artificial means; a suction pump is not powerful enough for this task; a forcing pump is needed to raise the water up to a height of 100 or 120 feet, and the greater the height, the greater the mechanical effort required to pump the water up laboriously foot by foot. To accomplish this object we must bring into action many thousand horsepower. The vast exertion needed for a comparatively small result is out of all proportion, and nobody who has ever seen the roaring engines of a great waterworks can be impressed by their efficiency in regard to the ideal of the minimum effort.

The conflict between the human will power and the obstinate resistance of matter is the most exasperating in large mines where gigantic engines are at work many feet under the surface lifting the menacing waters from a depth of 3000 feet or more; this enormous effort must be exercised continually and not a single day can these monster pumps rest or the mines would be flooded.

We know that in these pumping-works the water is raised to the surface by methods of pressure, but no amount of study and research has yet enabled scientists to solve the problem of the mysterious force which elevates the water from the root of the tree to its very top. During the last 100 years they have racked their brains over this question, and still mankind is no wiser than before. The only result of all these studies is that the problem has been well defined and focussed, that nearly all possible false routes have been eliminated, so that we now stand before the last closed door.

The heights which the water has to be raised in plants are very much more considerable than is generally imagined. A village church tower may be 120, perhaps nearly 200 feet high; a Gothic cathedral might reach up to a height of 300 or 400 feet, and the highest of all, the Minster of Ulm, lifts its spire 528 feet into the sky. A well-grown fir-tree, however, may have to raise its water to a height of 250 feet to reach its extreme needles. The Californian mammoth trees grow up to 450 feet high, and the eucalyptus trees of Australia reach a height of 500 feet. There are climbing palms which have to carry their water ballast along a tortuous passage a distance of fully 580 feet. When we add to this 30 to 60 feet of root depth, we may say that trees elevate



the water to a height of from 300 to 650 feet. This achievement requires an enormous force; we might try to explain it through capillary attraction. But this explanation cannot help us where such great heights are in question, because capillary attraction is not strong enough to support water more than 100 feet above its reservoir. There is no contrivance visible in plants which might lead us to find an explanation; there is, of course, the system of conduit pipes which reach without break from the root to the highest leaf-nerves. We can recognise that just as in the case of the suction pump thin air exists above the column of water which rises in the pipes. Might not the pressure of the surrounding air force the water up? Again we are baffled because science teaches us that atmospheric pressure is only able to balance a water column up to a height of 33 feet.

It has been discovered that all plants are subject to a certain root pressure which causes the 'bleeding,' the rising of the sap in spring. This root pressure has been measured, and it has been found that in the stem of the foxglove its force would be great enough to raise water 21 feet, but in the mulberry tree it would only be able to lift the water 5 feet; in no case has its mechanical effort been found to exceed 52 feet. Moreover, we do not as yet know the origin of this root pressure. We have only been able to ascertain that it is also active in dead tree-trunks, and that it is therefore not dependent upon life. We also know that the plant vessels are models of our forcing and suction pumps, but there can be no doubt of the fact that the plant makes some use of these contrivances which we cannot imitate, which as yet we do not even understand. Thus every tree by the roadside conceals within itself an invention which still awaits discovery. Again, we learn that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in our philosophy.

It is already more than fifty years ago since Schwendener and Dingler satisfied themselves that the laws of statics and mechanics apply fully to plant life; for instance, the T-girder already mentioned, the most elementary of all iron constructions, finds its application in the stalks of plants providing them with stability. In those days, however, we did not yet dare to draw the full logical conclusions from this discovery, but the astonished mind recognised already that all new inventions have their model in Nature: the photographic camera in the camera obscura of the human eye, the telephone in the human ear, the railway viaducts in the bones



and the blade of corn, the parachute in the delicate fluff of the dandelion. In those days people spoke about similarities and analogies, about the 'philosophy of mechanics,' but nobody dared to carry the idea to its logical end and say: 'There is only *one* law. Even we human beings can only repeat the law of the plasm and of the world construction. The principles of our mechanical science lie before our eyes in Nature.'

Though the great facts of biostatics were known to us all this time, we have so far made no practical use of our knowledge; hitherto the biologist stood aloof from the architect and the engineer, and these latter maintained that biology was not one of their subjects.

It is only through knowledge of their fundamental laws that we can make use of existing forces and phenomena; electricity has been with us at all times in the flash of lightning, and the conversion of energy to heat and fire through friction has been unconsciously effected by thousands of generations, but only now, through our present knowledge, can we make real use of them and become the masters of energy.

We have traced the biostatical law in the construction of the plant and the unicellular organism, but we would have found it just the same had we chosen our examples from the mechanical construction of animals or the human being himself. Our examples were chosen purposely from the simplest functional shapes illustrating their own activities—the spiral form for swimming, the impress of the water's motion upon the body to make possible the line of least resistance; we saw afterwards how the form of activity moulds the instrument and followed up the same principle in other and still more surprising new applications.

The materialists may now triumph and cry out: 'Not only the human being, but all organic Nature, the whole world is a machine.' But these materialists are wrong, and materialism is not philosophy, it is only of secondary importance as a mode of working. The problem of world mechanism, which in the end is the basis of all biostatics, has never been solved; it remains just as before embedded in our own heart and mind. We construct our world according to our own perceptions, and it only appears material and mechanical to us because our senses delude us with the image of matter and because systematic thought can only happen according to the laws of mechanism.

Biostatics will without doubt influence and revolutionise the

teaching of science, they will give new force and vigour to our industries, and only after we have copied all organic Nature can we have reached the limits of mechanical power. Till then we must search and work for hundreds of years to come; the world is so large and for æons long nature has stored its inventions for us.

But we must strive for more than just the material advantage, and biostatics bring to us an infinitely more precious gift, they teach us wisdom: though mechanical science is the best test for our ingenuity, though it may make us rich and powerful, it still remains merely subservient to life. It is only a link in the chain of events which form the evolution of the world. Nature is one whole unit and its parts influence each other by disturbing and hindering each other. Biostatics show us that not by destruction of disturbing elements can we come to the perfect state of the *optimum*, but only by overcoming the obstacles and by adjustment and complete harmony with the whole world. The gigantic and mysterious wheel of world evolutions turns in order to bring about this complete and universal harmony between all existing things. Here we find the root of all properties; in order to attain its aim, the overcoming of all obstacles, the organism changes, be it plant, animal, or man, or merely a cell; this is why it swims, flies, defends itself, and creates engines and inventions for its own use.

The ultimate meaning of biostatics is a release from all disturbances, the fulfilment of the world idea which tends towards the quiescence of perfected harmony. They are the world evolution and at the same time the means to end this evolution.

The encouraging knowledge of this world law makes us realise that mechanics are not the blessed privilege of mankind. They are not the one and highest aim, as the materialists and those who desire nothing but gold and success wish to make us believe; nor are they something mean and low, as the idealists and poets haughtily proclaim. They are simply an essential expedient of existence for the poor struggling creature, a means to bear the puny life which in its fragility is constantly exposed to danger. *They are given to every living organism by the law of world construction, to make possible the completion of life's evolutions.* They are closely allied to biology because we cannot give to our creations any other forms except those prescribed by Nature's laws. For every object only one perfect shape is possible which, by completing it entirely, bestows upon it permanence. *Man may try what he will, only the shape of the optimum endures, only a copy of Nature's*

*mechanics can be of permanence.* The world law enforces ultimately the identity of the mechanical efforts of organic Nature with the mechanical science of mankind. World mechanics are everlasting and omnipresent; they are the fundamental law of our own life. All creative work is but a realisation of this law of life, and therefore biostatics are effective in everything. We construct them from stones and call them architecture, we realise them in sounds and musical compositions. We establish a copy of the world mechanics in human laws and duties and call them the State, or we use logical ideas and they become philosophy. By copying Nature's laws mankind first creates the whole civilisation and then praises that man as a great discoverer who discloses these same laws again in Nature. Mankind does not perceive that all life *must* be ordered according to these laws. Therefore all truth is a circle, all wisdom only relative, and knowledge a serpent which bites upon its own tail.

But caught in this ring floats sweet life itself, and the recognition of this fact will render us more happy and allow us to obtain our own *optimum*, the knowledge of our own conscious self.

LETTERS FROM A SHEPHERD\* OF ARCADY  
TO A LITTLE GIRL.

*[Augustus Jessopp, D.D., was rector of Scarning in Norfolk and Canon of Norwich; author of 'Arcady for Better for Worse,' and other books on the rural population of East Anglia, their lives, struggles and pleasures at a time when 15s. a week was a good wage for a labouring man with a wife and family.]*

THESE remembrances of Augustus Jessopp, across a gap of twenty years, are written twelve thousand miles away from the Arcady which he knew and loved so pitifully and humorously. The little girl to whom he wrote these letters did not understand the depth of his affection for her and her father and mother then, but as she grew older she was glad that her mother had kept the letters for her. Her grandfather, Edward Burne-Jones, and her cousin, Rudyard Kipling, were among those whom Dr. Jessopp delighted to honour, and he loved her mother and herself with the overflowing love of a great-hearted man who had never had children and always felt the gap—more especially longing for a daughter.

The little girl had no very clear remembrance of him at the time these letters were written; she was only ten then. But she has a memory of him six years later when he came to stay with her people in a house they had taken for the summer in Hampshire. There were long delightful talks in the evening and Dr. Jessopp read poetry aloud. He loved reading it and had a very beautiful, deep voice. One night he read 'Love in the Valley' and she remembers the music of his low voice as it wound in among the intricate curves of the poem. There were flashes of humour too, all the more delightfully unexpected from one who looked like a prophet. It was he who, enquiring for a new curate, required one 'not so old as to be unteachable, and not so young as to be omniscient.'

The first letter is dated December 17, 1899, from his rectory at Scarning, near East Dereham in Norfolk. The Society for Prevention of Cruelty to Animals had issued a circular Christmas card with a poem called 'Peace and Goodwill to the Birds,' by the then Poet Laureate, Alfred Austin. The rather shaky natural history in the poem had roused Dr. Jessopp's wrath, and he enclosed

the card with various indignant comments on the statements enshrined in the verse. One stanza may be quoted with his annotations :

The lark has <i>no</i> note.	I heard the skylark's heavenward note,
	The throstle greet the day,
Gulls don't wheel—	And watched the white gulls wheel and
they sweep or sail	float
	About the glittering bay ;
It never does !	The kinglet flicker round the rose,
A woodpecker never	The woodpecker alight
does alight anywhere	A moment where the woodbine blows,
near the woodbine.	
It does not <i>ripple</i> .	Then ripple out of sight.

This was written during the South African war (to which he makes an allusion in the letter), and the Poet Laureate had written an appeal for recruits, calling to the inhabitants of Great Britain to come forward from

‘ Welsh hearths and Scottish byres,’

which of course rhymed with ‘ sires.’ Dr. Jessopp may have known this and it would have added fuel to his rage. The ‘ Bird poem’ inspired him to what he calls ‘ deathless verse ’ at the end of the letter.

His explanation of the sign ‘ y<sup>e</sup>’ for ‘ the ’ was probably in answer to a question. He almost invariably used the form y<sup>e</sup>, and in another letter not given here he says :

‘ I *meant* to explain to you the mystery of an ugly hieroglyphick of mine with which I have offended dozens of people during y<sup>e</sup> last fifty years or so—I mean that awful hieroglyphic “ Y<sup>e</sup>.”’ His spelling varied slightly at times, and in the above passage he gave the word ‘ hieroglyphic ’ in both its older and more modern spellings.

‘ MY DEAR ANGELA,—I’ve been *wanting* ever so much to write to your dear dear mother, but I’ve been in a bad way of late and only *think* I am going to write to her when I am lying awake in bed. The war and all its shame has made me in a bad way.

Sights innocent as babes on knee,  
Peaceful as eyes of pastured cattle,  
Just ’cause they be so, seem to me  
To rile me more with thoughts o’ battle.

To-day came y<sup>e</sup> inclosed.' (The bird poem.) 'I knew it was rubbish at y<sup>e</sup> first glance and I would not read it, but my wife insisted on reading y<sup>e</sup> rubbish to me and I had to listen. Where-upon I cried out with some vehemence—for I too get in a passion sometimes :

"I know a little maiden who could write much better stuff than that to order any day. I'll send it to that sweet little Angela and she shall try !"

'So I send it to you that you may do better than the Poet Laureate.

'Do you know what y<sup>e</sup> stands for ? I suppose you'll say "Of course I do ! It stands for the !" Right enough, my dear ; but why does it stand for the ? *That* is not known to everybody, and I'll tell you ! There used to be in y<sup>e</sup> English alphabet a letter which stood for th and they called it y<sup>e</sup> thorn letter, and it was written almost exactly as our Y is written now, and so y<sup>e</sup> spelt *the* and was never pronounced ye as some foolish people suppose. There's another reason why y<sup>e</sup> stands for the—but I'm not going to tell you about that now—one reason is good enough for most things and one at a time is a good enough rule for occasion.

'My dear ! I am so sorry God never gave me a daughter like your dear mother—because if He had she might have had a little daughter like you, and then you and she might have got very fond of one another—very fond indeed—and you would have made *such* a pretty picture with your arms round one another's neck, and I should have been very happy looking at you.

'There, that's enough for one letter. No ! that is not enough. I must needs end with deathless verse—here it is :

I heard a Laureate twaddler say  
I must prove that I'm a poet ;  
I'll write some wordy birdy lay  
And to y<sup>e</sup> world I'll show it !

There's a bantam cock a crowing loud  
And a Tom cat caterwauling,  
Their music makes me very proud  
For I know to me they're calling.

Crow on sweet chanticleer amain.  
How few there be who know it,  
That thy cock-a-doodle-doo's refrain  
Is music to a poet.

And solace too thy weird mee-ow  
 Oh Pussy ! brings to me  
 More precious than y<sup>e</sup> harsh bow-wow  
 Which frights me horribly.

But if I knew—as I don't know—  
 A sea-gull from a wren,  
 A sparrow from a gay hoopoo,  
 A cock-robin from a hen,

I'd buy a penny whistle soon,  
 And I'd practise all day long,  
 Till at dawn or dewy eve or noon,  
 I could sing y<sup>e</sup> birdies' song !

' Etcetera, etcetera, etcetera—

' Love to you all from your old Patriarch,

' A. JESSOPP.'

' Patriarch ' was a name given to him by the little girl's parents. He did look like one, tall and white-haired, with the look of one who walked often with his Maker. He was always known as Patriarch to her family and liked the name. She remembers that he hated the title of Canon and preferred to be called Doctor.

The next letter is undated, but the post-mark is March 1900. The little girl had no clue to his friend W., and she is too far from home now to ask anyone who might know. But the story is doubtless true, as he says, and fascinatingly told.

' MY SWEET !—I've been sitting staring at y<sup>e</sup> fire for half an hour or so in a waking dream. I suppose you don't have waking dreams. They are foolish things and lead to nothing. They are y<sup>e</sup> children of idleness and y<sup>e</sup> parents of laziness. But I fell to thinking about you—and I said to myself I want to know how that darling Angela is and if she is quite well now, and I should like to see her or hear about her. I wonder if W.'s Mary grew to be like her—I should like to buy Angela—but I could not afford to pay the price for her and moreover I don't think she would be bought. Why should she ?...

' W. was a very dear friend of mine who died twenty years ago, and when he died he left a big hole in my heart, and often and often when I think of him I feel the hole—and there comes a great gulp which makes me know the hole is empty. Who was Mary ?

' When W. was a young man he must needs go into y<sup>e</sup> Arabian desert and give himself y<sup>e</sup> airs of an Arab chief. (It's quite true and no romance !) " How did you manage it ? " I often asked.



"I gave them twopence a day and flogged them when they made a row and I bred horses, and when the thieves came to steal from me I never stopt till I caught them, and I flogged *them* too—and *my* thieves had guns and I drilled them, and the other thieves got to be tremendously afraid of me, and every now and then we'd make a raid on the other thieves, and sometimes we'd go a long ride and clatter into Damascus and y<sup>e</sup> people thought I was a great prophet in those days—for I paid my thieves twopence a day.

"Now it came to pass" (said my friend) "that we wanted some cows. And one of my thieves told me that away there in the North there was a tribe that had cows to sell. So we struck tents and went after y<sup>e</sup> other tribe, and when I came upon them there were two cows and a calf that I took a great fancy to. At least I fancied y<sup>e</sup> cows but I didn't want y<sup>e</sup> calf, and all a long day I spent in bargaining for y<sup>e</sup> cows with the chief of y<sup>e</sup> tribe—but in the East you know you must take a long, a very long time, in bargaining if you want to get anything at a fair price. At last towards y<sup>e</sup> setting of y<sup>e</sup> sun, I said : O Sheikh, you ask for y<sup>e</sup> cows X piastres and I swear by Allah I will not give more than Y piastres for y<sup>e</sup> cows, for I need not y<sup>e</sup> calf. Wherefore as it is near y<sup>e</sup> setting of y<sup>e</sup> sun let us part as friends—I with my piastres and thou with thy cattle.

"Hereupon" (said my friend) "y<sup>e</sup> sheikh began to tear out handfulls of hair from his wicked old head and to scream and swear loudly. Finally he screamed, 'I too have sworn by Allah, and I will not be forsworn by thee—thou no man's son. I take back my cows and my calf. But pay me now my price and Lo ! I will throw in yonder little girl—she shall make y<sup>e</sup> bargain fair !'"

'Hereupon toddled up a little girl brown and plump, naked as she was born, for she had never worn a rag of clothes in her little life—she was about four years old and when W. beckoned to her she came to him at first very coyly, but soon she put aside her fear and she began to finger his sword and then his spurs and then y<sup>e</sup> ring upon his finger, and then she stood up between his knees and she became his property, and y<sup>e</sup> old Sheikh, who had got her heaven knows how or where, went away with y<sup>e</sup> calf and y<sup>e</sup> piastres and W. went his way with y<sup>e</sup> cows and y<sup>e</sup> little girl. A year later W. had to bring his Eastern wanderings to an end and he disbanded his "tribe," to their poignant and extravagant grief, and he went home to England, and on the way he took y<sup>e</sup> little girl to some orphan Asylum at Jerusalem I think, and he saw her no more for 17 years, when he went back to y<sup>e</sup> East and found her the wife of a man of some importance at Damascus. At y<sup>e</sup> Asylum she was baptised as a Christian under y<sup>e</sup> name of Mary. But from what I have heard I suspect that my friend W. was always her very God whom she

adored as the incarnation of all that was great and wise and good—whoever and whatever the gods many and Lords many might be of whom she might hear and be taught to worship or to fear.

‘When W. called upon her husband, he too almost bowed down to *his* benefactor as he called him, and as they were talking in came Mary gorgeously dressed with many jewels, and in her arms she bore a lesser Mary, naked as she had been in y<sup>e</sup> old days, and she put y<sup>e</sup> lesser Mary in W.’s arms and she prostrated herself at his feet before he could prevent her and she clasped his knees and kissed his feet again and again, y<sup>e</sup> wondering husband looking on with a kind of proud awe.

‘And that is all I know about Mary. She was the only little maiden I ever heard of who was y<sup>e</sup> better for being sold and bought. And I don’t think I should try y<sup>e</sup> experiment myself. I should be afraid of having a *naughty* Mary left on my hands.

‘Good-bye, you dear little thing—I hope I shall soon hear that you are *all* quite well and merry, and that you have not forgotten your loving old patriarch

AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.’

Next comes a letter of September 20, 1900, written at Bishopthorpe, Yorks. It is a pure piece of animal love and understanding. He must have been seventy or more when he wrote this, and was climbing at Grasmere! The little girl remembered a description her parents gave of some expedition with him to a hill or mound where she thinks there were Roman remains. He was certainly over seventy then, and ran up and down the grassy slopes with complete self-confidence, while her parents and a friend who was with them hovered round with arms ready to catch him if he stumbled, yet bent on concealing from him the fact that they were anxious. All went well, however.

‘MY DEAR ANGELA,—Have you got back to that overgrown place which people vaguely call London?

‘I’ve been wandering among lakes and mountains. A mountain I call a thing that is 3000 feet high—anything lower than that I call a hill.

‘The other day I was half way up a mountain near Grasmere and I met three dogs all by themselves.

‘Now you must know that these Lake dogs are the wisest of dogs. They have y<sup>e</sup> golden gift of silence and they very rarely bark—i.e. the best of them—for they know that barking is a mischievous expenditure of breath and does no good to man or beast, and only loses time and spends what y<sup>e</sup> learned call in their learned way—“vital force.” But they speak with their ears and

their tails and the wrinkles of their noses and above all with their eyes. Wonderfully beautiful eyes.

'When their shepherd or herdsman owners speak to the dogs they too utter as few words as may be, but they stop in their wanderings and they *look* at the dogs and they say with their hands or their eyes—"Dog Bounce! You've left a lamb lying under a stone up yon Fell, and you know it and I think you're a shirk. You'll please to leave this spot and you'll bring that lamb back to that other dale yonder, and there you'll find that dog Scotty and dog Bruin will have had their dinner with me, and that there'll be no dinner for you, Sir. So now—you'll please to 'Be off,'" and these last words are spoken with y<sup>e</sup> voice and Dog Bounce trots off a mile or two back, being in disgrace, and he goes and fetches his lamb and he hardly recovers his self-respect till next day—for such dogs feel being in disgrace very acutely indeed.

'Well! As I said—I met three dogs. One was a rather vulgar-looking brown dog, and another one was a handsome yellow shepherd's colley, and y<sup>e</sup> third was a mongrel creature with no pretension except that he had a *very, very, very* bright eye!

'I said Good morning to y<sup>e</sup> dogs, but they took no more notice of me than if I had been a cloud—and you know dogs do *not* take any notice of y<sup>e</sup> clouds or y<sup>e</sup> stars! So these dogs passed me by and almost—not quite!—turned up their noses at me, and they trotted away in single file, and I supposed they had had some errand to discharge for their owner but I didn't see him. By and bye, perhaps a quarter of a mile or half a mile behind y<sup>e</sup> first dogs, appeared a fourth dog—he was quite a young dog—a yellow colley (I'm not sure that I know how to spell that word but it will do if it sounds right!) with lovely long silky hair and a beautiful sharp nose, and a soft smooth head, and y<sup>e</sup> loveliest eyes that ever were seen in a dog's head.

'And as he came near me I said to him, "You are a dear beautiful dog and I hope you'll come and make friends with me—you dear!" And he looked up and he ran against my legs and wagged his tail, that is to say he *waved* it, for there is a world of difference between waving a tail and wagging it—and came to be patted and coaxed, and he said as plain as plain could be—"Yes! I think we should get on extremely well together, and I mean to stay with you whatever they may say! You may begin to call me a dear and to pat my head and to coax me—for I like it, and I should like to be all yours with no other dogs to interfere with me!"

'We had a few minutes of very delightful intercourse with one another—and we had some play together and a great deal of talk and all sorts of pleasant exchange of endearments. You must understand that y<sup>e</sup> other three dogs which had passed me before must by this time have been quite half a mile from me and y<sup>e</sup> 4th

dog; and I was increasing our distance—for *we* went in one direction and they in another. Just as I had quite made up a little plot with my new friend to take him home with me and make y<sup>e</sup> remainder of his days one unbroken round of happiness and merriment—Lo! from y<sup>e</sup> far off distance came the voice of a *Chinaman* speaking only a little above his breath—but beyond doubt speaking Chinese—for the voice said “Kwan Bek!”

“Hulloah!” said I to *my* dog, “is that your name, my dear?” But No! It was certainly not his name and he didn’t like it—for he looked a little vexed and he said to me as he jumped around me—“Never mind him! He’s only an old Tartar! You know those fellows are all Tartars! Never mind him!”

So we went on our way getting more and more fond of one another every minute. But presently up trotted all three of y<sup>e</sup> other dogs—and as they got nearer they said to my dog—plain as plain—“You young puppy you! Just you stop this fooling will you!” But he just cuddled close in to me and put his nose in my hand and with just a little sign of timidity in his ears he said to me—“If you really *are* a dear you’ll send those nasty vulgar doggies away, and let them go on their own road and you and I will go ours and we’ll go together!”

Then broke in y<sup>e</sup> big brown dog, snarling out—“You young fool—do you mean it?” and he the other made answer—“Yes I do—I’ve made friends with this old human and by him I’ll stay. Just you be off!”

At this point y<sup>e</sup> three conspirators paused and one of them said to y<sup>e</sup> others—“I’m not going to stop here any longer. It’s supper-time, I’m off to supper!”

The rest took y<sup>e</sup> hint and off they went, and we two we went off on our own way—opposite direction.

In a minute or two the *Chinaman* called again “Kwan Bek!” He seemed to be an angry old Tartar this time. And a second time did the three come up to us, coming “like ghosts to trouble joy.” They all behaved a second time pretty much as they had behaved before, except that old Brownie became evidently more out of humour, and when I tried to argue the point with him he showed his teeth and said as clearly as a dog could say it—“Be off with you! You maundering old humbug!”

But it ended as before, and we two went on our way and made sure that we two were going to stay together till death us should part. Alas, when a good ten minutes had passed after our first argument and the three had got far out of sight, I heard the *Chinaman* a long way off very angry; but being a man of very few words, and those very short words, all he said was what he said at first, only louder and angrier—“KWAN BEK!” and then a second time “KWAN BEK!” A minute or two later up galloped all three dogs

in y<sup>e</sup> most resolute and passionate way, and they seemed inclined to set upon me. What they said was—"You just get out of y<sup>e</sup> way, you human idiot! Do you think y<sup>e</sup> governor's going to stand this nonsense—eh?" Next minute Old Brownie butted his nose into my dear friend's ribs and y<sup>e</sup> others did the same—they did *not* bite him a bit, but gave him a serious warning that they would stand no more nonsense, and when I looked as if I were going to stand up for my dog they all left *him* and they turned upon me—making a line and putting my dog behind them, and they all said—"You old nondescript, you must be a very stupid old chap not to understand that y<sup>e</sup> governor won't stand any more of this sort of thing, and if he would we wouldn't! Didn't you hear him telling us to fetch this young runaway apprentice? You be off, you hoary old human sinner! If you mean to rob another man's dog and to rob three other dogs of their supper, you thick-headed old Adamite, we'll make our supper off you!"

'Then it flashed upon me that Kwan Bek was not Chinese at all, but only a dalesman's way of telling his three dogs to fetch *my* dog and meant no more and said no more than "Go on back!" which the three had to do and did in spite of all I could do or say. So that beautiful dog has been fetched home and he could not run away and I could not steal him, and I shall never see anything so beautiful as he in y<sup>e</sup> shape of a dog as long as I live—but if I do I will show him to you and we'll call him Kwan Bek.

'There's a long story and a silly one, but it's all true for all that.

'Goodbye, you darling.

'Ever your loving

'AUGUSTUS JESSOPP.'

After this there is a long gap. Whether he wrote and the letters were destroyed, or the gradual and gentle clouding of his mind had kept him from writing, the little girl didn't know. But she grew up and the last words she had from him were a pæan of joy and congratulation when she was going to be married.

'I am *very* much dazed,' he writes pitifully, 'but my old heart that is palpitating at y<sup>e</sup> blessed news will get quiet by and bye. . . . May you feel lofty and exalted aspirations in y<sup>e</sup> moments of yearning and assurances of joy unspeakable in the threats of gloom!'

Touching words from him and borne out by his own faith, which kept joy and hope alive for him among the mists which shadowed his footsteps at the end.

ANGELA THIRKELL.

